

THE
SEASONS.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

WITH
BRITANNIA.
BY

JAMES THOMSON. *K*

To which are added the following Pieces,

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day,
by Mr. POPE. | V. The Universal Prayer,
by the same. |
| II. Alexander's Feast, or
the Power of Musick,
by Mr. DRYDEN. | VI. Elegy, to the Memo-
ry of an unfortunate
Lady, by the same. |
| III. Ode on Solitude, by
Mr. POPE. | VII. Veni Creator Spirit-
us, translated in Para-
phrase, by Mr. DRY-
DEN. |
| IV. The dying Christian
to his Soul, an Ode, by
the same. | |

To which is prefixed,

The LIFE and LITERARY CHARACTER of
Mr. THOMSON.

Illustrated with a new Set of DESIGNS.

DUBLIN:
PRINTED BY W. SMITH, DAME-STREET.

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To the R E A D E R.

THE Methods now pursued in teaching the *English Tongue*, are such as give all the Advantages, that formerly could only be acquired by an Acquaintance with the dead Languages; This has raised its Value, and brought into Esteem many of the Productions, and elegant Compositions, that have appeared in the *English Language*, whose Beauties and Value were hitherto, only perceptible to those who had laboured in the learned Languages, or had walked in the Fields of Science.

The present Method of teaching the *English Language*, adopted in our first Schools, where Gentlemen of the most classical as well as liberal Education preside, not only leads the Scholar into a proper Knowledge of *Grammar*, but introduces him to the more polite Parts of Literature, whereby he is instructed in *Syntax*, *Prosody*, and all the Beauties of *Trope* and *Figure*, &c. These, while they refine the Taste, enlarge the Conception, and so improve the Mind, as to fit it for the most rational of all Amusements, that of studying a good Author, entering thoroughly into his Meaning, and as it were imbibing his Spirit. In these Pursuits some of the

2 2

most

TO the READER.

most admired of the English Writers, both in Prose and Verse, have been introduced into our Schools; whose Beauties and Excellencies being first laid before the Pupil by his Tutor, he in a little Time becomes capable of, himself to point them out. And as that part of THOMSON'S WORKS, which include the SEASONS, is particularly adapted to the Purpose, a very correct Edition is here offered, printed from his last Corrections; to which is added his Poem, entitled, BRITANNIA, which breathing the Spirit of true *Patriotism, Liberty, and Love of Mankind*, is peculiarly well calculated for Youth and tender minds; and, as our Author himself expresses it,

——“ to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix
The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.”

SPRING, 1148.

But that this Piece may be still more useful, and more fully to answer the Design, and lead the Youth into a Variety of the pleasing Paths of Poetry, a Collection of other Pieces are here inserted, to instruct him in the Beauties of an *Ode*, an *Elegy*, &c. without raising the Purchase above the Rate of common School-Books.

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Spring, 1148.

But that this Edition of *Thomson's Seasons* may be still more useful, an excellent Compilation of Notes, &c. is here inserted, serving to illustrate many of the most admired Passages which occur in the preceding Poem, tending to gratify a laudable Curiosity, and afford the utmost Satisfaction to the Reader.

T H E

THE
L I F E
AND
LITERARY CHARACTER
OF
JAMES THOMSON;

Pointing out some particular Beauties of the Author for the Use of young Minds.

JAMES THOMSON, an eminent British poet, was the son of a Divine in Scotland, and born at Ednam, in the shire of Roxburgh, the eleventh of September, 1700. He gave early marks of genius, which was discoverable through the rudeness of his puerile essays; and, after the usual course of school education at Jedburgh, was sent to the university of Edinburgh. In the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; but his mother soon after repaired with her family, which was very numerous, to Edinburgh, where she lived in a decent frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical

course, but was even distinguished and patronized as a genius. About this time the study of poetry became pretty general in Scotland, the best English authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted ; but taste as yet had made but little progress, criticism being there limited to rules and forms, which served only to discover the inaccuracies of a poet, while his fire and fancy escaped their notice. Thomson, who believed he was entitled to judges of a more exalted genius, began to turn his views towards London, which an accident soon after intirely determined him in.

The divinity chair at Edinburgh was then filled by Mr. Hamilton, whose lectures our author attended about a year, when in an exercise in the psalm, in which the power and majesty of God were celebrated, he gave so highly poetical and sublime a paraphrase and illustration, that it surprized the whole audience. Mr. Hamilton complimented him on this performance in a particular manner ; but at the same time told him, in his smiles of approbation, that if he expected to be useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more suitable to an audience, where the learned and unlearned are equally respectable. Thomson concluded from this, that his expectations from the study of theology might be precarious, even though the church had been his choice ; so that, having some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother, then in London, he quickly prepared for his journey, which ended in no more than giving him an opportunity of entering on the stage of the unknown world, without a patron, and but sparingly provided with cash.

How-

However, his merit did not lie long concealed. Mr. Forbes, afterwards lord president of the session, received him very kindly, and introduced him to some of his friends, particularly to Mr. Aickman, whose premature death he has with great affection commemorated, in a copy of verses written on that occasion. The favourable manner in which he was every where received, emboldened him to risk the publication of his *Winter*, in March 1726, which was no sooner read than universally admired; and from that time his acquaintance was courted by all men of taste. Dr. Rundle, afterwards bishop of Derry, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where: introduced him to his great friend the lord chancellor Talbot; and some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his tour, recommended Mr. Thomson as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. Rundle are finely expressed, in his poem to the memory of lord Talbot. Our author held the estimation of the public so highly, that he finished the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised, were fully answered in the successive publication of the other seasons; *Summer*, in the year 1727; *Spring*, in the beginning of 1728; and *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, in 1730.

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, which was well received in the year 1729, Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased. The same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the Spaniards in America, running very high, Mr. Thomson zealously took part in it, and wrote his poem *Britannia*,

to rouse the nation to revenge. His poetical pursuits were now interrupted by his attendance on the honourable Mr. Charles Talbot in his travels, with whom he visited most of the courts and capital cities of Europe. How particular and judicious his observations were, appears from his poem on Liberty, in five parts, thus intitled, Ancient and Modern Italy compared; Greece; Rome; Britain; the Prospect. While he was writing the first part of Liberty, he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller, and this was soon followed by another still more so, and of more general concern, the death of lord Talbot himself; which Mr. Thomson so pathetically laments, in the poem dedicated to his memory. At the same time he found himself from an easy competency, reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life, excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of surveyor general of the Leeward islands, procured for him by the generous friendship of lord Lyttleton.

Immediately upon his return to England with Mr. Talbot, the chancellor had made him his secretary of briefs, a place of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; yet his genius could not be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, in time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was elegant, and with a peculiar neatness. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of Agamemnon, acted in 1738, gave many nights to the author.

But

Life of James Thomson:

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his royal highness Frederick Prince of Wales, who, upon the recommendation of lord Lyttleton, then his chief favourite, settled on him an handsome allowance, and always received him very graciously. It happened, however, that the favour of his royal highness was, in one instance, of some prejudice to Mr. Thomson, in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of Edward and Eleanor, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. This proceeded from the misunderstanding which then subsisted between the court of the prince of Wales, and that of the king his father. His next dramatic performance was the masque of Alfred, written jointly with Mr. Mallet, who was his good friend on many occasions, and by command of the prince of Wales, for the entertainment of his royal highness's court at his Summer residence. In the year 1745, his *Tancred and Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was well received. He, in the mean time, was finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, an allegorical poem, in two cantos. The stanza in which he wrote this piece is that of *Spencer*, borrowed from the Italian poets. This was the last piece published by Mr. Thomson, his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fever seized him, and deprived the world of a very good man, as well as a very great poet. His death happened on the 27th of August, 1748. His executors were the lord Lyttleton and Mr. Mitchel; and, by their interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage: from the profits of which, and from the sale of his manuscripts and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted

remitted to his sisters. His remains were deposited in the church of Richmond, under a plain stone, without any inscription.

Mr. Thomson himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his figure was not the most promising, his make being rather robust than graceful; and his worst appearance was, when he was seen walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but when saluted by a friend, and they entered into conversation he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eyes darting a peculiar and animated fire. He had improved his taste by the best originals, both ancient and modern, but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own. What he borrowed from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase, or translation, as we see in a few passages taken from Virgil, and in that beautiful picture from the elder Pliny, where the course and gradual increase of the Nile are figured by the stages of man's life. The Autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose for such studies: so that he would often be heard walking in his study till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out the next day. The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the best relations of travellers; and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond-gardens. Nor was his

his taste less exquisite in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art, and had studied them so minutely, and with such true judgment, that, in some of his descriptions of his poem on Liberty, we have them so delineated as to place them in a stronger light, perhaps, than if we saw them with our eyes. As for the more distinguishing qualities of his mind and heart, they are best discoverable in his writings, than they can be presented by the pen of any biographer. There his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to his God, founded on the most elevated and just conception of his operative power and providence, shines in every page. So unbounded was his tenderness of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: he was extremely tender towards his own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain by his writings, or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles of his time, and so was respected and left undisturbed by both parties. These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward: the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection: the applause of the public attended all his productions; his friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardour, and sincerely lamented his untimely death.

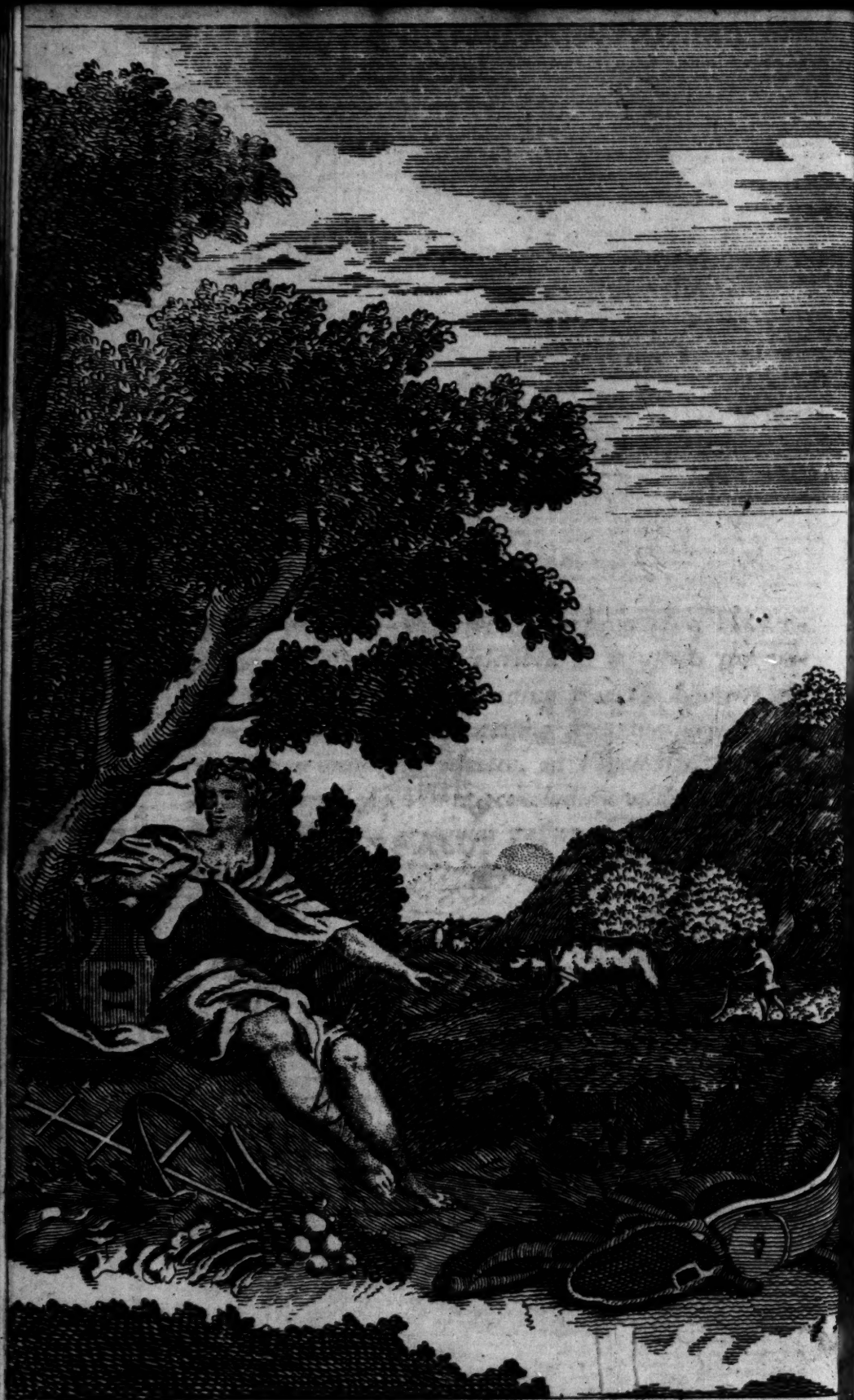
SPRING.

B

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.





SPRING

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While musick wakes around, veil'd in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts 5
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
 With innocence and meditation join'd
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
 Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
 Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts:
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightful: so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't,
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore

The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying soul,
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays,
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35
Drives from their stalls, to-where the well-us'd plough
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.
There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke,
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share,
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE, thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and, liberal, throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground:
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

BE gracious, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend! 50
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

Think

Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear:
 Such themes as these, the *rural* MARO sung 55
 To wide-imperial ROME, in the full height
 Of elegance and taste, by GREECE refin'd.
 In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
 The kings, and awful fathers of mankind:
 And some, with whom compar'd, your insect tribes 60
 Are but the beings of a summer's day,
 Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
 Of mighty war; then, with * victorious hand,
 Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
 The plough, and greatly independent † scorn'd 65
 ‡ All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the plough!
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant, and unbounded: as the sea, 70
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
 O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,
 Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming *Power*
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!

* unwearied

† liv'd.

‡ This line not in the last Ed.

United light and shade ! where the light dwells
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

85

2
From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves 90
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;
Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,
And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
In all the colours of the flushing year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet, a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
Within its crimson folds. Now from the town
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;
Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far-diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110
Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe

115

Untimely

Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast,
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,
 Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
 Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
 The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course 125
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.
 To check this plague the skilful farmer, chaff,
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
 From every cranny suffocated falls : 130
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest :
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd year.

THE north-east spends his rage, * and now, shut up
 Within his iron † caves, th' effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distant.

* he

† cave

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether ; but by * fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
 Sits on the horizon round a settled gloom.
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life ; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the breeze, 155
 Into a perfect calm ; that not a breath
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem'd thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plumed people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off ;
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion o'er the freshen'd world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.

* swift

But

But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-showered earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far-smoking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 * The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205
 In fair proportion running from the red,
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the † well-instructed eye unfold 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd

* And

† sage-instructed
B 5

From

From the white mingling maze. Not so the * swain ;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory ; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A soften'd shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes :
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search ; or thro' the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way ; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare ? who pierce,
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235
 Of health, and life, and joy ? the food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
 A length of golden years, unflesh'd in blood,
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease, 240
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam.
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole 250
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,
 And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255
 Was known among these happy sons of HEAVEN;
 For reason and benevolence were law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on,
 Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,
 And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260
 Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds
 Drop'd fatness down; as, o'er the swelling mead,
 The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
 The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265
 Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the vary'd heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

BUT

BUT now those white unblemish'd * minutes, whence
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind 275
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak, and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart:
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290
 That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks, alone,
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells; 295
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm. Whence,† inly rankling, grows 300
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern,
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;

* manners

† deeply

Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence.
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305
 And joyless inhumanity pervades,
 And petrifies the heart. Nature, disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came :
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide-dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds, 315
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms 325
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
 Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy toft, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,

Our

{ Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
 Tho' with a pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung, and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven, 355
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
 And dip his tongue in gore? the beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat
 Against the Winter's cold? and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he, whose toil,
 Patient and ever-ready, cloathes the land 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,

And

And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 * HEAVEN too forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd † by the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time, 380
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare, 385
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch, 390
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

WHEN, with his lively ray, the potent sun
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play, 395
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.

* High HEAVEN forbids

† with

High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave 400
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank,
 Reverted, plays in undulating flow, 405
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
 And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap, 410
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook;
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd, 415
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled * infant throw. But should you lure 420
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft 425
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,

* captive

With

With fullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line; 430
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course 435
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage;
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gayly drag your unresisting prize. 440

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps;
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale 445
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade:
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk, 451
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead
 Thro' rural scenes; such as the *Mantuan* swain
 Paints in * unequal harmony of song. 455
 Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,

* the matchless

Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix 460
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace,
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse 465
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature? can imagination boast,
 Amid its gay creation, hues like her's?
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears 470
 In every bud that blows? if fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task;
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words
 Tint'd with so many colours; and whose power,
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays 475
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts
 Have felt the raptures of refining love; 480
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
 Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
 Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul;
 Where, with the light of thoughtful reason, mix'd, 485
 Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread
 The morning dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair, 490
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

SEE,

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
 The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank, 495
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast
 A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul. 500
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ;
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye. 505
 Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,
 Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul : 510
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green. 515
 Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps ;
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now 520
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.

But

But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew, 525
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes; 530
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves; 535
 And full ranunculas of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip-race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and while they *break* 540
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 * Nor hyacinths, deep-purple'd; nor jonquils, 545
 Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
 Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite-numbers, delicacies, smells, 550
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

Hail, SOURCE of BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!

* Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,

To

To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts,
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand, 556
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew. 560
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes
 The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565
 By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour
 The mazy-running soul of melody
 Into my varied verse ! while I deduce, 575
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,
 Warm through the vital air, and on the heart 580
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing ;
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows,
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows

In

In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
 Shrill-voiced, and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 * Thick wove, and tree irregular, and bush,
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day. 600
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 605
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive love 615
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,

* Deep-tangled

With

With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow,
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ; 625
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts ; 630
 That Nature's great command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some ;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635
 Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live long day,
 When * for a season fix'd. Among the roots 645
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,
 They frame the first foundation of their domes ;
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabrick laid,

* by kind duty

And

And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food 670
 With constant clamour. O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young; 675
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And * pierc'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,

* charm'd

In

In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
 Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR * pain alone they scorn: exalting love
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696
 The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear!
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

* toil

C

BUT

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough
 Sole-fitting, still at every dying fall
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe, till, wide around, the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
 Demand the free possession of the sky.
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,

Or

Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plummy burden ; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthning flight ;
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life, and action, light in air
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds, 755
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire ; which, in peace, 760
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs 765
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive ; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mixt household-kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770
 Fed, and defended by the fearless cock,
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,

* The farthest of the western islands of *Scotland*.

Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan 775
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781
 And swims in * floating majesty along.
 O'er the whole homely scene the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins; 800
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix:

* radiant

While

While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve, 806
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong ;
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his head,
 And by the well-known joy to distant plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ; 810
 O'er rocks and woods, and craggy mountains flies ;
 And, neighing, on the ærial summit takes
 Th' exciting gale, then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815
 Turns in black eddies round ; such is the force
 With which his frantick heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad monsters of the * boiling deep :
 From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd, 820
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind :
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,
 Of various cadence ; and his sportive lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,

* foaming

Their frolicks play. And now the sprightly race 835
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy mound
 That runs around the hill ; the rampart once
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840
 Lost in eternal broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads ;
 And, o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world! 845

WHAT is this *mighty Breath*, ye * curious, say,
 † That, in a language rather felt than heard,
 Instructs the fowls of heaven ; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses ? What, but God ?
 Inspiring GOD ! who boundless Spirit all, 850
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.
 He ceaseless works alone, and yet alone
 Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears :
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen ; while water, earth,
 And air attest his bounty ; which exalts 860
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undefining hearts
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

* fages † That in a powerful language, felt not heard,

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man; 865
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul.
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove 870
 Is melody? Hence, from the bounteous walks
 Of flowing Spring, ye sordid sons of earth,
 Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe,
 Or only lavish to yourselves; away.
 But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
 Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876
 With warmest beam; and on your open front,
 And liberal eye, sits, from his dark retreat,
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd,
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.
 For you the roving spirit of the wind
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teaming clouds 885
 Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world;
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,
 Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts 890
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks
 The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace
 Induces thought, and contemplation still. 895
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works,

And warms the bosom ; till at last sublim'd
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world. 900

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's * purest ray,
 O LYTTLETON, the friend ! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' *Hagley-Park* † you stray, 905
 Thy *British Tempe* ! There along the dale,
 With woods o'erhung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees, 910
 You silent steal ; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace : the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander through the philosophic world ; 920
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time :
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
 BRITANNIA'S weal ; how from the venal gulph

* purer

† thou strayest ;

To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd, 930
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love; 935
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.
 The tender heart is animated peace;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In vary'd converse, softening every theme, 940
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 * Inimitable happiness! which love, 945
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around;
 And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by † dusky columns mark'd
 Of ‡ rising smoak, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* || harbours still, 955
 To where the broken landscape, by degrees,
 Ascending, roughens into § ridgy hills;
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, §§ doubtful, rise.

* Unutterable † surging ‡ household || lingers § rigid §§ dusky

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth ;
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch,
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980
 Of the smooth glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away ; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985
 Still paints th' illusive form ; the kindling grace ;
 Th' enticing smile ; the modest-seeming eye,
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990
 Her

Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours; 995
Amid the roses fierce repentance rears
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,
And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005
'Tis nought but gloom around. The darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd spring
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and she alone 1010
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.
Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends,
And sad amid the social band he sits;
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue 1015
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while, borne away,
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy site, with head declin'd, 1020
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,
Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs

To

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk 1025
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,
 Indulging all to love; or on the bank
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.
 Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day, 1030
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours: then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam, 1035
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or, while the world
 And all the sons of care lie hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours 1040
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd 1055
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers

Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1061
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended arms his aid implores,
 But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel! Ye gleamings of * departing peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague 1080
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
 Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire, 1086
 A † cloudy aspect, and a burning cheek,
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant sits,

* departed † clouded

And

Oh speak the joy, ! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around, 1155
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life, 1160
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;
 And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING 1165
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads :
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love, 1170
 Together down they sink in social sleep ;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

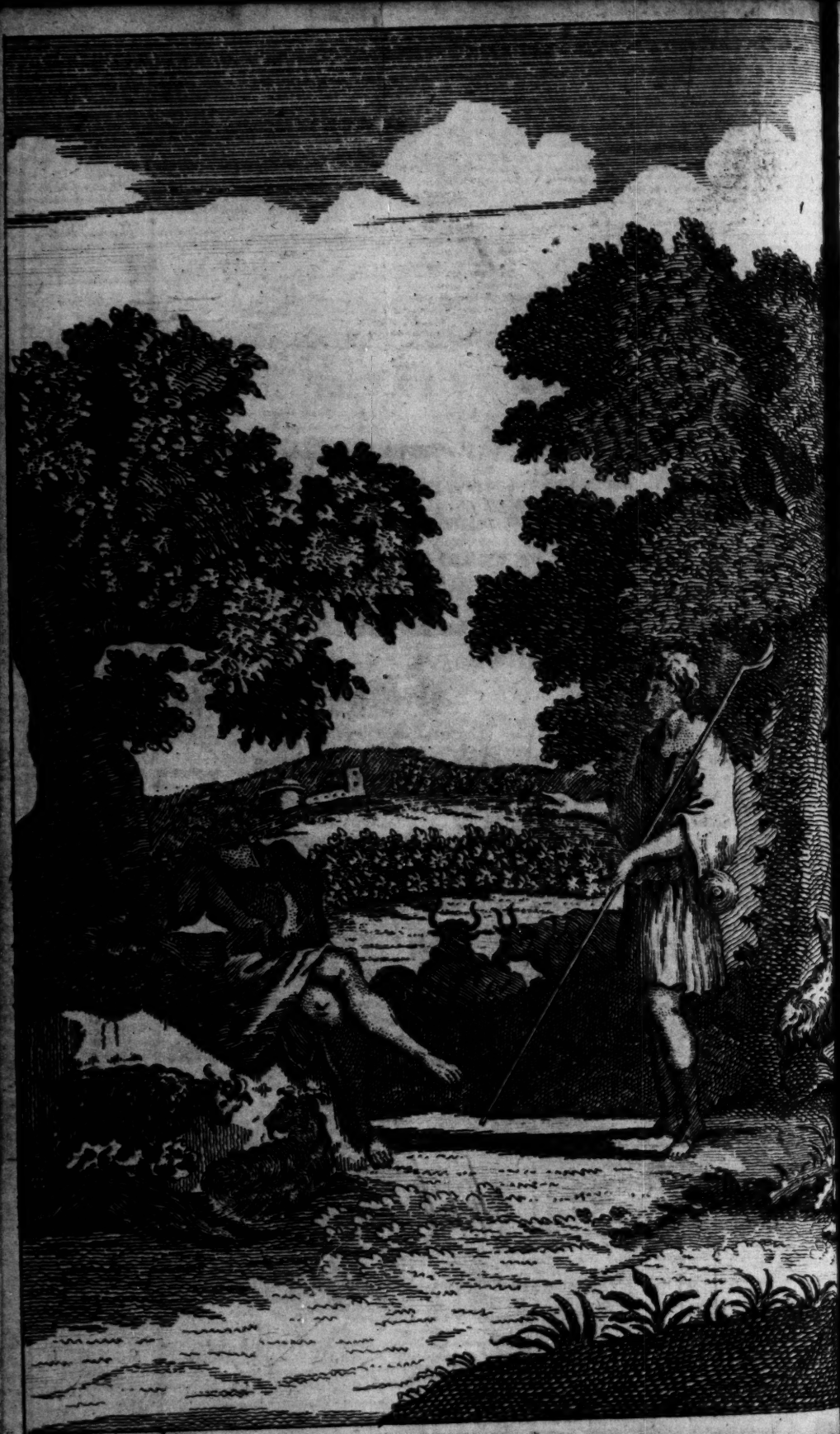
SUMMER.

S U M M E R.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. An introductory reflexion on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.





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S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,
 And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ; 10
 And on the dark-green grafs, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit-seat, 15
 By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the poet, every power
 Exalting to an ecstasy of soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite :
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,

By

By decency chafis'd ; goodness and wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man :
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspire every line, 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable void ! Thus to remain
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men
 And all their labour'd monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course ;
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful : Such * the perfect hand,
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night ; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;
 And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top

* TH' ALL PERFECT HAND !

Swell

S U M M E R.

45

Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare
 Limp, aukward: while along the forest-glade
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes, 60
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order, drives 65
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul;
 Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wilder'd, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk? 80

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all, 85
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He

He looks in boundless majesty abroad ;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer, light ! 90
 Of all material beings first, and best !

Efflux divine ! Nature's resplendent robe !
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom ; and thou, O Sun !
 Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen 95
 Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
 As with a chain indissoluble bound,
 Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne
 Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round 100
 Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk
 Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
 Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze,

INFORMER of the planetary train !
 Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
 Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead, 106
 And not as now the green abodes of life ;
 How many forms of being wait on thee
 Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
 The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede
 That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
 Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115
 In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay

With

With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
 Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up
 A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance 121
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into joy the surly *Storms*. 125
 These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enlivened earth, 130
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
 Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
 Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

THE unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by thee, 140
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,
 Collected light, compact ; that, polish'd bright,
 And all its native lustre let abroad,
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepning glow,
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.
 From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes

Its

Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct, 150
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
 With thy own smile the yellow topaz burns.
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams; 156
 Or, flying several from its surface, form
 A trembling variance of revolving hues,
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch, 160
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
 In brighter mazes, the relucant stream
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
 Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top,
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,
 Unequal far, great delegated source,
 Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM, 175
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken ;
 Whose single smile has, from the first of time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of heaven, 180
 That beam for ever, thro' the boundless sky :

But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening * start
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man, 185
ALMIGHTY † MAKER ! silent in thy praise ;
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,
Even in the depth of solitary woods,
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd ;
And to peruse its all instructing page,
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate, 195
My sole delight ; as thro' the falling glooms
Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds, 200
And morning ‡ mists, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands ; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems,
Far-stretch'd around, o meet the bending sphere.

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost, 205
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires ;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse ;
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts 210

* reel

† FATHER

‡ fogs

D

On

On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can unpitying see the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new flush'd bloom resign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins. 215
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task, the swain retreats;
His flock before him stepping to the fold: 221
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the wasp, 235
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
To let the little noisy summer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song:
Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young

Come

Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter, and fall of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues,
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms ! ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed, 255
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 260
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or, weltering in the bowl, 265
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shews his front.

The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing,
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crowding o'er the brook.

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,
 Evading even the microscopic eye !
 Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,
 In putrid steams, emits the * livid cloud
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way, 295
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,
 Within its winding citadel, the stone
 Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,

* living

Inflames,

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream
 Of purest chrystal, nor the lucid air,
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
 Whence silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
 In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord, 331
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,

Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations sport : till, tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345
Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
A season's glitter ! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice ;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful, and strong ; full as the summer-rose
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
Even stooping age is here ; and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370

OR rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
 Forms a deep pool : this bank abrupt and high,
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And panting labour to the farther shore.
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt 385
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream ;
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
 Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild. 390
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
 The country fill ; and, tofs'd from rock to rock,
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
 Are in the wattled pen innumeros press'd, 395
 Head above head ; and, rang'd in lusty rows,
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd, 400
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls

To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : 405
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand ;
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along,
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy 410
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies !
 What softness in its melancholy face, 415
 What dumb complaining innocence appears !
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A SIMPLE scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425
 The treasures of the sun without his rage :
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast, 430
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays,
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazling deluge reigns ; and all 435
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

In

In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440
 And slippery lawn and arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd; 445
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very streams look languid from afar;
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove. 450

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh, 455
 And restless turn, and look around for Night;
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
 Thrice happy he! * that on the sunless side
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
 And fresh-bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

* who

D 5

WELCOME,

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks ! 470
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
 As to the hunted hart the fallying spring,
 Or stream full flowing, that his swelling sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh expanded eye
 And ear resume their watch ; the sinews knit ;
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which impos'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ; 495
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;

That

That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon:
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave. 515

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth;
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

THESE are the haunts of meditation, these
 The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
 Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warm the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare; 530

To

To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear
 Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man; thy fellow-creatures, we, 545
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 " The same our lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 " Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 " Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 " Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 " Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD. 555
 " Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 " When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,
 " Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 " And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 " The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade: 560
 " A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."

AND

AND art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon! Tho' rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense
 Inspir'd; where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art, and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision wrapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink, a copious flood 590
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died at the
 age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
 Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual * steep to steep,
 With wild infracted course, and lessen'd roar,
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last, 605
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze, 610
 Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
 Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes, 615
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,
 Short interval of weary woe ! again
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,
 Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds 620
 A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,
 All in the freshness of the humid air ;

* slope to slope,

There

There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head 625
 By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
 Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon, 630
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,
 And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:
 Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,
 Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright-effulgent sun, 635
 Rising direct, swift chases from the sky
 The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazling air;
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn, 640
 The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns and † *double seasons* pass: 645
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:

* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all * places between the tropics, the sun as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year † perpendicular, which produces this effect.

* climates

† vertical

Majestic

Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills; 650
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven 655
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy citron groves;
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit;
 * Or, stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,
 O let me drain the cocoa's milky bowl, 670
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice

* Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig;
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 And from the palm to draw its refreshing wine!
 More bounteous, &c.

Which

Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ;
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells 675
 Unboasted worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Witness thou best Anâna, thou the pride
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 The poets imag'd in the golden age :
 Quick let me strip thee of thy * spiny coat, 680
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads
 And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
 Unfix'd, is in a verdant ocean lost. 685
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown, 690
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains prevail.

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd,
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen 695
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall.
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas :
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,
 Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends. 700
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
 † Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,

* tufty

† The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

The darted steel in idle shivers flies :
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;
 Where, as he crops the vary'd fare, the herds 705
 In widening circle round, forget their food,
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave ; 710
 Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,
 High rais'd in solemn theatre around,
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes !
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! here he sees 715
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project : thrice happy ! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ; 720
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings ; or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods, 725
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd
 The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine, 730
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more
 beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than
 ours.

Yet

Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun, 735
 While Philomel is ours ; while in our shades,
 Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstrefs thrills her lay.

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,
 A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky ? 740
 And, swifter than the toiling caravan,
 Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar* ; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.
 Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask 745
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;
 No *boly fury* thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red * with civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*, 750
 Thou, like the harqueless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
 From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,
 Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills, 755
 And up the more than alpine mountains wave.
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,
 For many a league ; or on stupendous rocks,
 That from the sun redoubling valley lift,
 Cool, to the middle air, their lawny tops ; 760
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields ;

* from

And

And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks
 Securely stray ; a world within itself,
 Disdaining all assault : there let me draw 765
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,
 And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear
 The roaring floods, and cataracts that sweep
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ; 770
 And o'er the vary'd landscape, restless, rove
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind ;
 A land of wonders ! which the sun still eyes
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell. 775

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon,
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.
 Still horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.
 For to the hot equator crowding fast, 780
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow, 785
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd
 Around the cold ærial mountain's brow,
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne, 790
 From cloud to cloud the rending lightnings rage ;
 Till, in the furious elemental war
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours. 794

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.
 From his two springs in *Gojam's* sunny realm,
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream. 800
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,
 That with unfading verdure smile around.
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed 805
 With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along :
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit 810
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

HIS brother *Niger* too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave 815
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
 Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar* ;
 From * *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds 820
 On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

* The river that runs thro' *Siam* ; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

Nor less thy world, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,
 The lavish moisture of the melting year. 825
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd 830
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
 The mighty * *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse, 835
 Continuous depth, and wond'rous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful desarts, worlds of solitude, 840
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
 O'er peopled plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle; 845
 The seat of blameless *Pan* yet undisturb'd
 By christian crimes, and *Europe's* cruel sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe; 850
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?
 This gay profusion of luxurious blifs?

* The river of the Amazons.

This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain? 855
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes? 860
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll, 865
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought; 870
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man: 875
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds, 880
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam 885
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,

There

There lost. The very brute-creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode, 890
Which even imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls 896
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands;
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
The small close-lurking minister of fate, 900
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
This child of vengeful nature! There, sublim'd
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race 905
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er 910
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;
And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles, 915
That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks 920
Crowd

Crowd near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains 925
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*. 930

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
 And views the main that ever toils below; 935
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds.
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart 940
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And his continual thro' the tedious night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,
 And guilty *Cæsar*; LIBERTY retir'd, 945
 Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds:
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains,
 And all the green delights *Aufonia* pours;
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon. 950

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,

E

Let

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand, 955
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,
 Son of the desert ! even the camel feels,
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad, 960
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play :
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise ; 965
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crowded streets,
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain, 970
 And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

But chief at sea, whose every flexile wave
 Obeys the blast, th' ærial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe, 975
 The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,
 And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
 Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells : 980
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,

* *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, † terms for particular storms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the *Ox-Eye*, being in appearance at first no bigger.

‡ names

Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before, 985
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.
 Art is too slow. By rapid fate oppress'd, 990
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyss.
 With such mad Seas the daring * GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*; 995
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from antient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then,
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep, 1000
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms, 1005
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crowds, of rank disease, and death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,

* VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good Hope*, to the *East-Indies*.

† DON HENRY, third son to *John* the first, king of *Portugal*. His strong Genius to the discovery of new countries was the source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ; 1010
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons,
 Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled Limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas 1016
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments, 1021
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot 1025
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down 1030
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagera* quench'd
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying saw
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ; 1035
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye
 No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen waves, 1040
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd,

In sad preface, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom fate would next demand.

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, plague, 1045
'The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
Descends? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd woods,
From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage 1050
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd 1055
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy, 1060
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men: unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch, 1066
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge 1070
Fearing to turn, abhors society.
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the
Plague, in Dr. MEAD's elegant book on that subject.

Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky, 1075
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and uninourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to compleat 1080
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields, 1085
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
 'Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 'Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes 1090
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove 1095
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume 1100
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,

Ferment ;

Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd, 1105
The dash of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound,
That from the mountain, previous to the storm, 1110
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the lowest vale, th' ætial tribes
Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce
Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze 1115
The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
Cast a deploring eye; by Man forfook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all: 1120
When to the startled eye the sudden glance,
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven, 1125
The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burthen on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts 1130
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth. 1135

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls, 1140
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless group the blasted cattle lie:
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look 1145
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
 And ox half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods 1150
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud
 The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks 1155
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles. 1160

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty head
 Descends the fated flash. Young *CELEDON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless pair,
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace, 1165
 The same distinguish'd by their sex alone:

Hers

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd. But such their * guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart 1170
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.
'Twas friendship heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer self; 1175
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things. 1180

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest; creative love 1185
Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.
† Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek. 1190
In vain assuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed, 1195
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he said,

* guileless

†. Presaging instant fate

" Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence,
 " And inward storm! He who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft 1200
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice,
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of Seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 "'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus 1205
 " To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace,
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life, 1210
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
 So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb,
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky 1216
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands
 A purer azure. * Nature, from the storm,
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm, 1220
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Invests the fields, † yet dropping from distress.

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful song around, 1225
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat

* . . . Thro' the lighten'd air

A higher lustre

† and nature smiles reviv'd.

Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world? 1230
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
 That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears? 1235

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
 'To meditate the blue profound below; 1240
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
 With arms and legs according well, he makes, 1245
 As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
 While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats; 1250
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs 1255
 Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.

Even,

Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

1260

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the stream that down the distant rocks 1265
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falsely he
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride, 1270
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart; 1275
And, if an infant passion struggled there,
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves, 1280
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost, 1285
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire.
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say, 1290
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?

Meantime,

Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood. 1295
 Ah then! not *Paris* on the * shady top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside
 The rival-goddeses the veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
 Than, *DAMON*, thou; as from the snowy leg, 1300
 And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
 As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone;
 And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
 With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
 In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth, 1305
 How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
 As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
 In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself 1310
 With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn?
 Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood
 Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
 And every beauty softening, every grace 1315
 Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
 As shines the lily thro' the chrystal mild;
 Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave 1320
 But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
 That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
 Rising again, the latent *DAMON* drew

Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought 1325
 With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
 By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd
 The theft profane, if aught profane to love
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,
 With headlong hurry fled; but first these lines, 1330
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
 "Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye
 "Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,
 "To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot, 1335
 "And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:
 So stands the * statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast, 1340
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But when her DAMON's well-known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train 1346
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame, 1350
 By modesty exalted: even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty stole across
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;
 And on the spreading beach, that o'er the stream 1355

* The Venus of *Medici*.

Incumbent

Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy :
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love, 1360
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost his rage : his downward orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre ; that, with various ray, 1365
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes,
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth 1370
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around 1375
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul ;
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ; 1381
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods, 1385
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,
 The full free converse of the friendly heart

Improving

Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal, 1390
 And pour their souls in transport, which the SIRE
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind 1395
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild.
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful * *Shene*? Here let us sweep 1400
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,
 Now, to the † *Sister-hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow. 1405
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows:
 There let the feasted eye unweary'd stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods 1410
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd,
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY, 1415
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt

* The old name of *Richmond*, signifying in Saxon *Shining*, of *Splendor*.

† *High-gate* and *Hamstead*.

In *Twit'nam's* bowers, and for their PORE implore
 The healing God *, to royal *Hampton's* pile, 1420
 'To *Clermont's* terrass'd height, and *Esber's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From courts and senates *PELHAM* finds Repose.
 Inchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse 1425
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung !
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills !
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil. 1429

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays !
 Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
 Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad 1435
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy vallies float 1440
 With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand, 1445
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

* In his last sickness.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street, 1450
 Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts 1455
 Of hurry'd sailer, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd, 1460
 Scattering the nations where they go ; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or * wintry seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside ;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high ; 1465
 For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan. 1470

THY SONS OF GLORY many ! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings*. 1475
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRY's shine,
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd

* stormy.

On

On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady *MORE*, 1480
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,
 Like *CATO* firm, like *ARISTIDES* just,
 Like rigid *CINCINNATUS* nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death. 1485
 Frugal, and wise, a *WALSINGHAM* is thine ;
 A *DRAKE*, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high : but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the *MAIDEN REIGN* ? 1490
 In *RALEIGH* mark their every glory mix'd,
RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain* ! whose breast with all
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd, 1495
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison hours enrich'd the world ;
 Yet found no times, in all the long research, 1500
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant *SIDNEY* pass,
 The plume of war ! with early lawrels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay. 1505
 A *HAMPDEN* too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold. 1510
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,

Of

Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strow
 The grave where RUSSELL lies; whose temper'd blood
 With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd, 1516
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave, 1521
 By antient learning to th' enlighten'd love
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
 Soon as the light of dawning science spread 1525
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON; hapless in his choice,
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still 1530
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul;
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom 1535
 Of cloyster'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void: he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAVEN! that, slow-ascending still, 1540
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

The

The generous * ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim, 1545
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal world his own? 1551
 Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense, 1555
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met? 1560
 A genius universal as his Theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENSER, Fancy's pleasing son ; 1565
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
 Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud 1570
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,

† ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftesbury.

The

The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form, 1575
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, through the native white
 Soft-shooting o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew, 1580
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love 1585
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores 1590
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
 Baffling, * like thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty Nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls, 1595
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind; 1600
Courage compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*
 Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
 With blushes reddening as she moves along,

Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd, 1605
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
 While, in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the common weal, 1610
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne. 1615
 Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb ;
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden curve 1620
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round,
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul, 1625
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank :
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in fordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile, 1630
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth.
 But to the generous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around, 1635
 Boastless,

Boastless, as now descends the silent dew ;
 To him the long review of order'd life
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

CONFESS'd from yonder flow-extinguish'd clouds,
 All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes 1640
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her beck. First *this*
 She sends on earth ; then *that* of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a *deeper* still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round, 1645
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze, 1650
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings. 1655

HIS folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mix'd anguish means, 1660
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng, 1665
 In various game, and revelry to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.

But

But far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand 1670
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower
 Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold,
 So night-struck fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields 1676
 The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe,
 Of massy stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things, 1680
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven 1685
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray
 Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night, 1690
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,
 With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs, 1695
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends; 1700

And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith 1705
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky; 1711
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds
 Of barren aether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent 1715
 To work the will of all-sustaining Love:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns, 1720
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY! with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind. 1725
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee;
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride, 1730
 Above the tangling mafs of low desires,
 That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,

Where

Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss, 1735
 To reason's and to fancy's eye display'd:
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Possesses being; while the *Last* receives 1740
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts 1745
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

WITHOUT thee what were unenlighten'd Man? 1750
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care, 1755
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves 1760
 The burning line, or dares the wint'ry pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life 1765

Than non-existence worse : but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace ;
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 Ply the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs 1770
 The ruling helm ; or like the liberal breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high 1775
 Are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro' ; and, from that full complex
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns 1781
 Her eye ; and instant, at her powerful glance,
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
 Compound, divide, and into order shift,
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up 1785
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 * To Reason then, deducing truth from truth ;
 And notion quite abstract ; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud, 1790
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This infancy of being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God, 1795
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising mind.

A U T U M N.

* This line not in the second Edition.

AUTUMN.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest-storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the country dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.





AUTUMN

A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle and the wheaten sheaf,
While **AUTUMN**, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on ; the *Doric* reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wint'ry frost
Nitrous prepar'd ; the various-blossom'd Spring
Put in white promise forth ; and Summer-suns
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A-while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow ;
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.
But she too pants for public virtue ; she,
Tho' weak * of power, yet strong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year ;

F 4

From

From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook 25
 Of parting summer, a serener blue,
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm ; while broad, and brown, below, 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain ;
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough power !
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life ;
 Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd

With

With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled :
 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Even desolate in crowds ; and thus his days, 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along ;
 A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall antient forest to his axe ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood polluted furr,
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stoop'd at barren bare necessity, 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,

To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,
 And bade him be the *Lord* of all below.

95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd
 And form'd a *Public* ; to the general good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole* ; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm ; yet still
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art ! the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head ;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant ; the big ware-house built ;
 Rais'd the strong crane ; choak'd up the loaded Street
 With foreign plenty ; and thy stream, O THAMES, 121
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods !

Than

* Than whom no river heaves a fuller tide,
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wint'ry forest, groves of masts 125
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 135
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN, too, the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd 135
 Its ample roof; and luxury within
 Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh; beneath the touch 140
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd,

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears 145
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores, 150
 That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

* This line not in the last Edition.

Soon

So on as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves, 155
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lustrous sheaves ;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk.
 The rural scandal and the rural jest 160
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;
 And conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy. 165
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their * sparing harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think ! 170
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns 175
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends ;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years depriv'd of all, 180
 Of every stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN,

She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades, 185
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy * fashion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed, 190
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow, 195
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once, 200
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sate fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress, for loveliness 205
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*, 210
 Beneath the shelter of incircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;

* passion

So

So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA: till, at length, compell'd 215
 By strong necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy, 220
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes 225
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half 230
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn, 235
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell, 240
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 " Of some indecent clown? She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO's line; and to my mind
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my liberal fortune took its rise; 245
 " Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
 " And

" And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 251
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find,
 " Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend, 255
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er, 260
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul. 265

" And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 " She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 " So long in vain? Oh * yes! the very same,
 " The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 " † Alive, his every feature, every look, 270
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
 " Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 " That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN? 275
 " Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;

* heav'ns

† " Alive his every look, his every feature,

Tho'

" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
 " O let me now, into a richer soil,
 " Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
 " Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 281
 " And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
 " It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASTO's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 " Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart, 285
 " The father of a country, thus to pick
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy:
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 " But ill-apply'd to such a rugged task; 295
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " * Has lavish'd on me, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 301
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all 300
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard, 305
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours:
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd

A numerous

* Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,

A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, 310
And good, the grace of all the country round.

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,
The sultry south collects a potent blast.
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs 315
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn:
But as th' ærial tempest fuller swells,
And in one mighty stream, invisible,
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world; 320
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.
High beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
And send it in a torrent down the vale. 325
Expos'd, and naked, to its utinost rage,
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff 330
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around 335
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide, 340
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,

And

And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman, 345
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
 Driving along ; his drowning ox at once
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
 He sees ; and instant o'er his shivering thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train 350
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease ;
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride ; 355
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away. 360

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose, 365
 Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
 Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye. 370
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more :
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe ; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye, 375
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions ; and again,

Immediate,

Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse, 380
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis no joy to her,
This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death; 385
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light, 390
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For ~~snare~~ alone pursues the cruel chace, 395
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
* Ye ravening Tribes, upbraid our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood, 400
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

POOR is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath: the stubble chapt; 405
The thistly lawn; the thick intangled broom;

* Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,

Of

Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern :
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook. 410
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew 415
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep,
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all 420
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all 425
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

THE Stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He sprightly, puts his faith ; and, * fear-arous'd, 430
 Gives all his swift ærial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous cry behind :
 Deception short ! tho' fleeter than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north, 435
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood ;

* rous'd by fear,

If flow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him * comes again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth 440
 Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.
 He sweeps the forreft oft; and sobbing sees
 The glades mild opening to the golden day;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy. 445
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd alarm'd,
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves, 450
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
 The big round tears run down his dappled face; 455
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

OF this enough. But if the sylvan youth
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence, 460
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,
 The rous'd-up lion, resolute and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended spear,
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood, 465
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe
 Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm. 470

THESE

THESE BRITAIN knows not ; give, ye BRITONS, then,
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
 Him, from his craggy-winding haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the thunder of the chace pursue. 475
 Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
 High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
 Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ; 480
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost ;
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops ;
 Rush down the dangerous steep ; and o'er the lawn,
 In fancy swallowing up the space between, 486
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game,
 For happy he ! who tops the wheeling chace ;
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the merits of the pack ; 490
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he, beyond
 His daring peers ! when the retreating horn
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown, 495
 With woodland honours grac'd ; the fox's fur,
 Depending decent from the roof ; and spread
 Round the drear walls, with antic figures fierce,
 The stag's large front : he then is loudest heard,
 When the night staggers with severer toils, 500
 With feats *Theſſalian* Centaurs never knew,
 And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

BUT

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide ;
 The tankards foam ; and the strong table groans
 Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense 505
 From side to side ; in which, with desperate knife,
 They deep incision make, and talk the while
 Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
 While hence they borrow vigour : or amain
 Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals, 510
 If stomach keen can intervals allow,
 Relating all the glories of the chase.
 Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*
 Produce the mighty bowl ; the mighty bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round. 515
 A potent gale, delicious as the breath
 Of *Maia*, to the love-sick shepherdes,
 On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn 520
 Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
 Of thirty years ; and now his honest front
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.
 To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while 525
 Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smok,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe ; or the quick dice,
 In thunder leaping from the box, awake
 The sounding gammon : while romp-loving Mifs
 Is haul'd about in gallantry robust. 530

At last these puling idleneffes laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan
 Close in firm circle ; and set, ardent, in
 For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,

Nor

Nor sober shift is to the puking wretch 535
 Indulg'd apart ; but earnest, briming Bowls
 Lave every soul, the table floating round,
 And pavement faithless to the fuddled foot.
 Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
 Vociferous at once from twenty tongues, 540
 Reels fast from theme to theme ; from horses, hounds,
 To church or mistress, politicks or ghost,
 In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
 Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
 Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart : 545
 That moment touch'd is every kindred soul ;
 And, opening in a full-mouth'd cry of joy,
 The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round ;
 While from their slumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds
 Mix in the music of the day again. 550
 As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep
 The dark night long with fainter murmurs falls :
 So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,
 Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
 Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes, 555
 Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
 Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.
 Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
 Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
 As if the table even itself was drunk, 560
 Lie a wet, broken scene ; and wide, below,
 Is heap'd the social slaughter : where astride
 The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,
 Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,
 And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn. 565
 Perhaps some doctor of tremendous paunch,
 Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,
 Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd flock

Retiring

Retiring full of rumination sad.

Laments the weakness of these latter times.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport 570

Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy

E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.

Far be the spirit of the chace from them!

Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;

To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575

The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,

In which they roughen to the sense, and all

The winning softness of their sex is lost.

In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;

With every motion, every word to wave 580

Quick o'er the kindling cheek, the ready blush;

And from the smallest violence to shrink,

Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;

And by this silent adulation, soft,

To their protection more engaging Man. 585

O may their eyes no miserable sight,

Save weeping lovers see! a nobler game,

Thro' Loves enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,

In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs

Float in the loose simplicity of dress, 590

And fashion'd all to harmony, alone

Know they to seize the captivated soul,

In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;

To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,

Disclosing motion in its every charm, 595

To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;

To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;

To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;

To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,

And heighten'd Nature's dainties; in their race 600

To rear their graces into second life;

To give Society its highest taste;
 Well-ordered home Man's best delight to make;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art, 605
 To raise the virtues, animate the blifs,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life :
 This be the female dignity and praise.

Ye swains, now hasten to the hazel bank ;
 Where down yon dale the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array, 611
 Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub,
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clustering nut for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ; 615
 And where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ;
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair : 620
 MELINDA ! form'd with every grace complete,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise,
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 In chearful error, let us tread the maze 625
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear 630
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scattered round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race :
 By nature's all-refining hand prepar'd :
 Of temper'd sun and water, earth, and air,

In ever-changing composition mix'd.

Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen, 640

Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:

Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,

PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the second thou

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse, 645

With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song:

How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines

Foam in transparent floods; some strong to cheer

The wintry revels of the labouring hind;

And tasteful some to cool the summer hours. 650

In this glad season, while his sweetest heams

The sun shades equal to the meeken'd day;

Oh lose me in the green delightful walks

Of DODINGTON, thy seat, serene, and plain;

Where simple Nature reigns; and every view, 655

Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,

In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,

Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!

Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,

Far splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye, 660

New beauties rise with each revolving day;

New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds

New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.

Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat:

Where in the secret bower, and winding walk, 665

For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.

Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst

Of thy applause, I solitary court

Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence 670
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit impurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plumb ; 675
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.
 The vine, too, here her curling tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky. 680

Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ;
 Where by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs, 685
 Profuse and drinks amid the sunny rocks,
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heightened blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes 690
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;
 The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime, 695
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh,
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mashy flood ;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pour the cup of joy : 700
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;

The

The mellow-tasted Burgundy ; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year candens'd, 705
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.

No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides, 710
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long division, fills the view
With great variety ; but in a night

Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far 715
The huge dusk, gradual swallows up the plain:
Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems,
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.

Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
Sheds, weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray ; 720

Whence glearing oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last 725

Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world ; and, mingling thick,
A formless grey confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD) 730
Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way ; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smoak along the hilly country, these, 735
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,

The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw. 740
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave
 For ever lashes the resounding shore.
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise;
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind 745
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
 But to the mountain courted by the sand, 750
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again
 Fresh in to day; and all the glittering hill
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive dream! why should the waters love 755
 To take so far a journey to the hills,
 When the sweet valleys offers to their toil
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop 760
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells.
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak 765
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watery times again. 770
 Say

Say than, where lurk the vast eternal springs
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to man, 775
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyfs,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view ;
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load !
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods 780
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen bounds !
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream !
 O from the founding fummits of the north, 785
 The *Dofine hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Riphean rocks*, which the wild *Rufs* 790
 Believes the * *Stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods ;
 O sweep th' eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his founding base, 795
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyffinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs,

* The *Muscovites* call the *Riphean Mountains* *Weliki Cam-
 nyboys*, that is the great stony girdle; because they suppose them
 to encompass the whole earth.

And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon* ! 800
 O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant line
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ? the glooms disclose ! 805
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them lab'ring to get free !
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd ;
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs. 810
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy running clefts ;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit, 815
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff-compacted clay, capacious form'd 820
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
 Thro' the stir'd sands a bubbling passage burst ;
 And welling out, around the middle steep.
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills, 825
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth, 830
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again.

* A range of mountains in *Africa*, that surround almost all *Monomotapa*.

A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gathered, play 835
The swallow-people; and tofs'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift,
The feathered eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wint'ry slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank, 840
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now 845
Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loses his majestic force
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty, 850
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.
And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings; 855
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls, 890
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge
Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;
Who can recount what trans migrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?

And how the living clouds on clouds arises?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,
And rude resounding shore, are on the cry.

Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues.

870

Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
The shepherd's sea-girt reign: or, to the rocks
Dire clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,

875

High-hovering o're the broad coerulean scene,
Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view;
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Invested with a keen diffusive sky.

880

Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extensive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool translucent brimming flood
Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure parent stream,
Whose Pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed,
With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)

To where the north-inflated tempest foames
O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak:

890

Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By *Learning*, when before the *Guthic* rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave;
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard,
As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill requited chief!

895

To

To hold a generous undiminish'd state ; 900
 Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil. 905
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*.

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn, 910
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give
 A double harvest to the pining swain ?
 And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil ?
 How, by the finest art, the native robe 915
 To weave ; how, white as hyperborean snow
 To form the lucid lawn ; with venturous oar
 How to dash wide the billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while *Ba'avian* fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms, 920
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores ;
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe ;
 And thus, in soul united as in name, 925
 Bid *BRITAIN* reign the mistress of the deep ?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, *ARCYL*,
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye ; 930
 In thee, with all, a mother's triumph, sees

Her

Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn;
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat 935
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow :
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate ;
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth, 940
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
 Thee, *FORBES*, too, whom every worth attends,
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts, 945
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd ;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrowns ; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun, 950
 Of every hue, from wan declining green
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm 955
 Fleeces unbounded aether ; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
 The gentle current : while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
 And thro' their lucid veil his softened force 960
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time
 For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
 And soar above this little scene of things ;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet ; 965
 To

To soothe the throbbing passions into peace ;
And wooe lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard 970
One dying strain to cheer the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours her plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late 975
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock ;
With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
And nought save chattering discord in their note. 980
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,
The gun, the music of the coming year
Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground ! 985

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro' the waving air. 290
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ;
Till choak'd and matted with the dreary shower,
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak, 995
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;
And shrunk into their beds the flowery race
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;

And

And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around 1000
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the POWER
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes !

His near approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air, 1005

The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

O'er all his soul his sacred influence breathes !

Inflames imag nation ; thro' the breast

Infuses every tendernefs ; and far 1010

Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such

As never mingled with the vulgar dream,

Croud fast into the mind's creative eye,

As fast the correspondent passions rise, 1015

As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd

To rapture, and divine astonishment ;

The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,

To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth, 1020

Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn

Of tyrant pride ; the fearless great resolve ;

The wonder which the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;

The awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame ; 1025

'The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;

With all the *social off spring of the heart*.

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,

To twilight-groves, and visionary vales ;

To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ; 1030

Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,

Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ;

And voices more than human, thro' the void

Deep-

Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much ? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural seat 1036

Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land

In countless numbers, blest BRITANNIA sees ;

O lead me to the wide-extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of * STOWE ! 1040

Not *Persian* Cyrus on *Ionia's* shore

E'er saw such silvan scenes ; such various art

By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd

By cool judicious art ; that in the strife,

All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone. 1045

And there, O PITT. thy country's early boast,

There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,

Or in that † *Temple*, where, in future times,

Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ; 1049

And, with thy converse blest'd, catch the last smiles

Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.

While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,

The regulated wild, gay fancy then

Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic* land ;

Will from thy standard taste refine her own, 1055

Correct her pencil to the purest truth

Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades

Forfaking, raise it to the human mind.

Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,

Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou, 1060

To mark the varied movements of the heart,

What every decent character requires,

And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain

Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds

Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts, 1065

Of honest Zeal the indignant lightening throws,

And

* The seat of Lord Viscount *Cobham*, now of Earl *Temple*.

† Temple of Virtue in *Stowe-Gardens*.

And shakes Corruption on her venal throne,
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:
 What p'ty COBHAM, thou thy verdant files 1070
 Of order'd trees should'st here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,
 And long embattled hosts; when the proud foe,
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war; 1075
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,
 Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill.

The western sun withdraws the shortened day; 1080
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along 1085
 The dusky mantled lawn. Meanwhile the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.
 Turn'd to the sun direct her spotted disk 1089
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube describes.
 A smaller earth, gives us its blaze again,
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to loop.
 Now up the pure coerulean rides sublime. 1095
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance trembling round the world 1100

But

But when half-blotted from the sky, her light,
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn
 With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ; 1105
 Oft in this season, silent from the north
 A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first
 The lower skies. they all at once converge
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
 Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend, 1110
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
 All aether coursing in a maze of light.

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
 Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array, 1115
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire ;
 Till the long lines to full-extended war
 In bleeding fight commix'd, the sanguine flood
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary scene, 1120
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,
 Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks
 Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ; 1125
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;
 Of pestilence, and every great distress ;
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time. 1130
 Not so the man of philosophic eye,
 And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes and materials, yet unfix'd,

Of

Of this appearance, beautiful and new. 1135

Now the black, and deep, night begins to fall,
A shade immense, Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

Order confounded lyes; all beauty void;
Distinction lost; and gay variety 1140

One universal blot; such the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.

Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge; 1145

Nor visited by one directive ray,
From cottage streaming. or from airy hall.

Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
The wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails 1150

A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:

Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph:
Where still, from day to day, his pining wife, 1155

And plaintive children, his return await,

In wild conjecture lost. At other times,

Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,

Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path, 1160

That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else

Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

The lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines

Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding fair the last autumnal day. 1160

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;

The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;

And hung on every spray, on every blade

A U T U M N.

139

Of grafs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round. 1169

Ah fee where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,

Lyes the ftill heaving hive; at evening fnatch'd,

Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night.

And fix'd o'er fulphur : while, not dreaming ill,

The happy people, in their waxen cells,

Sat tending public cares, and planing fchemes 1175

Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd

To mark, full flowing round, their copious ftores,

Sudden the dark oppreffive ftream afcends :

And, us'd to milder fcents, the tender race,

By thoufands, tumble from their honeyed domes, 1180

Convolv'd and agnoizing in the duft.

And was it then for this you rom'd the Spring,

Intent from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd

Ceafelefs the burning Summer-heats away ?

For this in Autumn fearch'd the blooming wafte, 1185

Nor loft on funny gleam ? for this fad fate ?

O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long,

Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage ;

Awaiting renovation ? When obliged,

Must you deftroy ? Of their ambrofial food 1190

Can you not borrow ; and, in juft return,

Afford them fhelter from the wint'ry winds :

Or, as the fharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on fome fmiling day ?

See where the ftony bottom of their town 1195

Looks defolate and wild ; with here and there

A helpless number, who the ruin'd ftate

Survive, lamenting weak, caft out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,

Full of the works of peace, and high in joy, 1200

At theatre or feaft, or funk in fleep,

(As late *Palermo*. was they fate) is feiz'd

By

By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
 Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame. 1205

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day.
 O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high
 Infinite splendor! wide-investing all.

How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
 Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain. 1210

How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch

How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant sun how gay! how calm below

'The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all 1215

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.

While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth, 1220

Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,

By the quick sense of music taught alone,

Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.

He every charm abroad, the village toast,

Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich, 1225

Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye

Points an approving smile, with double force,

The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.

Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts

'The fates of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think

That with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil 1230

Begins again the never-ceasing round

Oh, knew he but his happiness, of men

'The happiest he! who far from public rage,

Deep in the vale, with a *choice* few retired, 1235

Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.

What

What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe 1240
 Of every hue reflected light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppresses him not ?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd
 For him each rarer tributary life 1245
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
 With luxury and death ? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice, nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ? 1250
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
 Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd 1255
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When Heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;
 Or in the wint'ry glebe whatever lies 1261
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
 These are not wanting : nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
 Nor bleating mountains ; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere 1266
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
 Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear. 1270
 Here

Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

1275

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
 And beat for joyless months, the gloomy wave
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, the infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from ther native soil,
 Urg'd or by want, or hardened avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.

1280

Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these*

1285

Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight:
 Wreathe the deep brow diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

1290

While he, from all the stormy passions free
 That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states
 Move not the man, who from the world escap'd
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,

1295

1301

And

A U T U M N.

143

And day to day, thro' the revolving year; 1305

Admiring sees her in her every shape;

Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;

Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,

Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale 1310

Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours

He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,

And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

In Summer he, beneath the living shade,

Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave, 1315

Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse of these

Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung;

Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye

Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world, 1320

And tempts the sickled swain into the field;

Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends

With gentle throes; and thro' the tepid gleams

Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.

Even winter wild to him is full of bliss. 1325

The mighty tempest and the hoary waste,

Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,

Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,

Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,

Pour ev'ry lustre on th' exalted eye. 1330

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,

And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,

O'er land and sea imagination roams;

Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,

Elates his being, and unfolds his powers: 1335

Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too, and love he feels;

The modest eye, whose beams on his alone

Ecstatic

Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck, 1340
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind. 1345
 This is the life which those who fret in guilt.
 And guilty cities, never knew ; the life
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !
 Oh NATURE ! all-sufficient ! over all ! 1350
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
 Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan ; thro' the disclosing deep 1356
 Light my blind way : the mineral *strata* there,
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still the mind, 1360
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
 A search the flight of time can n'er exhaust ?
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood, 1365
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition ; under closing shades,
 Inglorious lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song ;
 And let me never, never stray from THEE ! 1371

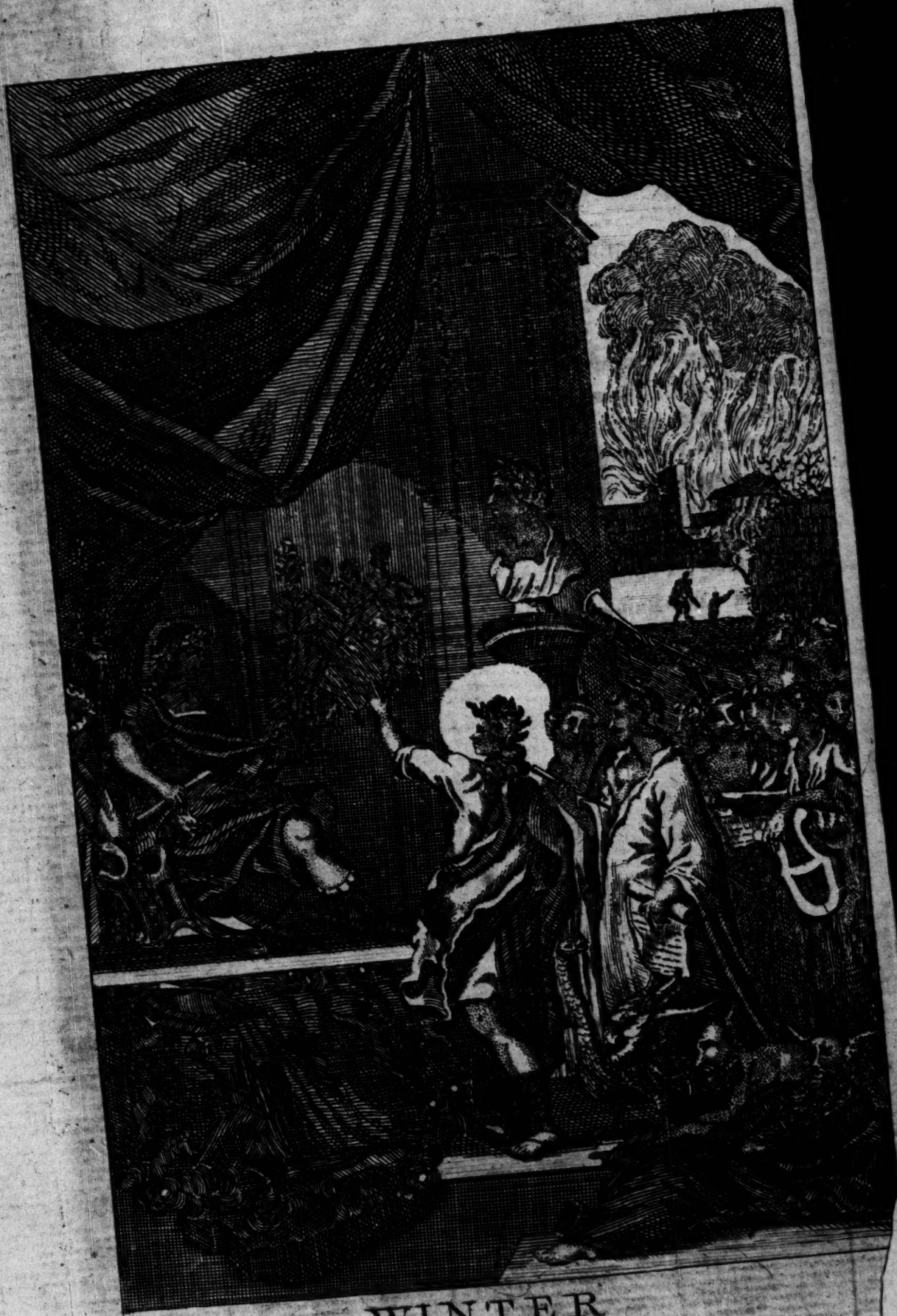
W I N T E R.

W I N T E R.

H

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows: A Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Appennines. A wintry evening described; as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city Frost. A view of Winter within the polar circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.



WINTER

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train ;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
 These, that exalt my soul to solemn thought,
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
 Congenial horrors, hail ! with frequent foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' the rough domain ; 10
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
 In the grim-evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving year :
 Skimm'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro' the Summer-blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;
 And now among the wint'ry clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25
 To suit her founding cadence to the floods ;
 As in her theme, her numbers wildly great :
 Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear
 With bold description, and with manly thought.

Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty people thrive :
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
 A steady spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light
 Into the patriot ; these, the public hope
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius* stains th'inverted year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
 Scarce spreads o'er æther the dejected day. 45
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
 Thro' the thick air ; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky ;
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night, 50
 Wide shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
 Nor is the night unwish'd ; while vital heat,
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
 Meantime, in fable cincture, shadows vast,
 Deep-ting'd, and damp, and congregated clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven
 Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60
 The soul of man dies in him, loathing life,
 And black with more than melancholy views,
 The cattle droop ; and o'er the furrowed land,

Fresh

Fresh from the plough, the sun discoloured flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65
 Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
 Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm ;
 And up amongst the loose disjointed cliffs,
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour soul ;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75
 That grumbling wave below. 'Th' unsightly plain
 Lyes a brown deluge ; as the low-bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening into night, shut up
 'The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80
 Each to his home retire ; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.
 'The cattle from th' untasted fields return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade,
 Thither the household feathery people croud,
 'The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the cottage-hind
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple frolic ; much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along :
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,

From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;
 Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'er hang the turbid stream ;
 There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams and thunders through.

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand 106
 Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
 With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110
 Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
 Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
 Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ! 115
 In what far-distant region of the sky,
 Hush'd in deep silence, sleep ye when 'tis calm ?

When from the pallid sky the sun descends,
 With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
 Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
 Which master to obey : while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
 Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
 Seen thro' the turbid, fluctuating air,
 The stars obtuse emit a shiver'd ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.

With

With broadened nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,
 The conscious heifer sauffs the stormy gale,
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame
 Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long
 They pick'd their scanty fair, a blackening train, 140
 Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove;
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land 145
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
 And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
 And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated air
 Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
 Descends th' ethereal force; and with strong gust
 Turns from its bottom the discoloured deep.
 Thro' the black night that sits immense arounds,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce-conflicting brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160
 Meantime the mountain billows, to the clouds
 In dreadful tumult swell'd surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165

Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
Into the secret chambers of the deep.

The wint'ry *Baltic* thund'ring o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,
And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
Or shoal insidious break not their career,
And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175
The mountain thunders ; and its sturdy sons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
The dark wayfaring stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
~~Dain'd down~~, and scatter'd, by the tearing winds
Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-fastening. shakes them to the solid base.
Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,
Long groans are heard, shrill sounds and distant sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky. 196
All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind

Walks

Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm ; 200
Then straight air, sea, and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet, 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*, 205
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer ;
Let me shake off th'intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life !
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train ! 210
Where are ye now ! and what is your amount ?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought ! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life ! thou GOOD SUPREME !
O teach me what is good ! teach me THYSELF !
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit ! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure ;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss !

'The keener tempests rise : and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,
Thick clouds ascend ; in whose capacious womb 225
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along ;
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
'Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white.

'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Lo, the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
 Is one wide dazzling waste, that burys wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth : then hopping o'er the floor
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is ;
 Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the black heaven, and next the glist'ning earth,
 With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.
 Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pennis 266
 With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
 And

And watch them strict: for from their bellowing east,
In this dre season, oft the whirlwinds wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms; till upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darkened air;
In his own loose revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray:
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!
What black despair, what horror fills his heart?
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the tract, and blest abode of Man;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge, 300
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown.
What

What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
 These check his fearful steps and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes : shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, riot waste : 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon-glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of

Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many wake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.
 Even in the vale where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345
 In deep retir'd-distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of Charity would warm,
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate ; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
 Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous * band,
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
 Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 360
 Unpitied and unheard, where misery moans ;
 Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn,
 And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
 While in the land of liberty, the land 365
 Whose every street and public meeting glow
 With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd ;
 Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;

* The jail-committee, in the year 1729.

Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
 Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370
 The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
 Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
 At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
 And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
 That for their country would have toil'd or bled. 375
 O great design ! if executed well,
 With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
 Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
 Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
 Wrench from their hands Oppression's iron rod, 380
 And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
 Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
 Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
 The toils of law (what dark insidious Men
 Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
 And lengthen simple justice into trade)
 How glorious were the day that saw these broke,
 And every man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd from all the tract
 Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390
 And wavy *Apennine*, and *Pyrennees*,
 Branch out stupendous into distant lands ;
 Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave !
 Burning for blood ! bony, and gaunt, and grim !
 Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 395
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
 Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
 All is their prize. They fasten on their steed,
 Press him to death and pierce his mighty heart.
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400
 Or shake the murdering savages away.
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,

And

And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
 The god-like face of Man avails him nought.
 Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 406
 Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey,
 But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent
 On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate !) 410
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig,
 The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
 In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell ! 415
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
 Mountains of snow their gathering torrents roll.
 From steep to steep loud thundering down they come,
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers and swains, 420
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore
 Beat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD ;
 Sages of antient time as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who bless'd mankind
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435
 Rous'd at th'inspiring thought, I throw aside

The

The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes. First, SOCRATES,
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440
 Against the rage of tyrants, *single* stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That *Voice* of God within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life or death :
 Great moral teacher ! *Wiseſt of mankind* ! 445
 SOLON the next. who built his common-weal
 On Equity's wide baſe ; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd,
 Preferving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
 The pride of ſmiling GREECE and humankind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
 All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee, 455
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,
 The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honeſt front ;
 Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460
 Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of *Juſt* ;
 In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears 465
 CIMON, ſweet-ſoul'd ; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad,
 The ſcourge of *Persian* pride, at home, the friend

* Leonidas,

† Themistocles.

Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth, 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear: The fair *Corinthian* boast,
 TIMOLEON, happy temper ! mild and firm,
 Who wept the *brother*, while the *tyrant* bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,
 And left a mass of fordid lees behind,
 PHOCION the Good ; in public life severe, 480
 To virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooch'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 485
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS sons,
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,
 To save a rotten state, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train, 490
 ARATUS, whom a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE ;
 And he her darling as her latest hope
 The gallant PHILOPOEMEN who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure ; 495
 Or, toiling in his farm, a simple swain :
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come !
 A race of heroes ; in those virtuous times
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500

* Pelopidas, and Epaminondas.

Their *dearest* country they *too fondly* lov'd :
 Her *better* founder first the light of ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons :
 SERVIUS the King who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread. 505
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 510
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold :
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
 Thy † WILLING VICTIM, Carthage bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 And, warm, in youth, to the *poetic shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd. 520
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.
 Unconquer'd CARO, virtuous in *extreme*.
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
 Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy Friend.
 Thousand besides the tribute of a verse
 Demand ; but who can count the stars of heaven ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
 Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state, 530
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis Phoebus' self, or else the Mantuan Swain !

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus.

Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of song! and *equal* by his side,
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame 536
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch
 Pathetic drew the impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:

Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

First of your kind! society divine! 541

Still visit thus my nights; for you reserv'd,

And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.

Silence, thou lonely power; the door be thine;

See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude, 545

Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign

To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,

Learning digested well, exalted faith,

Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.

Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend 550

To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,

And with the social spirit warm the heart:

For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,

Yet is his life the more endearing song.

Where art thou, HAMMOND? thou the darling pride,

The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! 556

Ah why dear youth, in all the blooming prime

Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast

Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560

What now avails that noble thirst of fame,

Which stung thy fervent breast! that treasur'd store

Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal

To serve thy country, glowing in the band

Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?

What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm 566

Of

Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humble hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter glooms, with friends of pliant soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night, 576
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' *ETERNAL MIND*:
 Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580
 And each diffusive harmony unite
 In full perfection to th' astonish'd eye.
 Then would we try to scan the *moral world*,
 Which tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585
 By *WISDOM*'s finest hand, and issuing all
 In *general good*. The sage historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
 Our hearts would burn within us, would in hale
 That portion of divinity, that ray 595
 Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
 Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble fortune, to repress
 These ardent risings of the kindling soul;
 Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
 Would

Would learn the private virtues; how to glide
 Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
 Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,
 Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
 With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
 Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapés 610
 Of frolic fancy, and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprise;
 Or folly-painting *Humor*, grave himself, 515
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Meantime the village rouses up the fire;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
 The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
 The kiss snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid, 625
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
 The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630
 Full of each theme, and warm with mix'd discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul

The

The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph 635
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune headlong sink.
 Up-spring the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd a thousand sprightly ways,
 The glittering court effuses every pomp; 640
 The circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves;
 While a gay insect in *his* summer shine, 644
 The pop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
 Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear
 Steal o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous *BEVIL shew'd.
 O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd, 656
 Whose patriot-virtues and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament and joy
 Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition in thy train,

* A character in the *Conscious Lovers*, written by Sir Richard Steel.

(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British* scorn,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,
 The boasted manners of her shining court;
 That wit the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which with *Attic* point, 675
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals thro' the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680
 BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then dress'd by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
 Thou to assenting reason givest again
 Her own enlightened thoughts; call'd from the heart,
 Th' obedient passion on thy voice attend; 686
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power: as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
 For now, behold the joyous winter days,
 Frosty succeed; and thro' the blew serene,
 For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 695
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,
 Constringent feeds, and animates our blood;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new strung nerves 700

In swifter fallies darting to the brain;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted gleabe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire: and luculent along 710
 The purer river flows; their fullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherds gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.
 What art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen
 Myriads of little-salts, or hook'd or shap'd
 Like double wages, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and aether? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half-dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more; but to the sedge bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm; till seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise; while, at his evening-watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief;

The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall 735
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full aetherial round,
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view, ,
 Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope 740
 Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world, 745
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the silent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,
 The pendent icicle ; the frost-work fair, 750
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ;
 Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The forest bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow 755
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains, 760
 While every work of man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport
 And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine* 765
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
 From every province swarming, void of care,
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,

On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
 The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
 The long resounding course. Meantime, to rise 775
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,
 Or *Russia's* buxom daughters, glow around.

Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:
 And ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape, 800
 Wild roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye; but desarts lost in snow;

And

And heavy loaded groves ; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horror to the frozen main ; 805
 And chearless towns far distant, never blest'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich * *Catbay*,
 With news of humankind. Yet there life glows ;
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables, of glossy black ; and dark embrown'd,
 Or beauteous streak'd with many a mangled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new fallen snows ; and scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lyes fullen in the white abyfs.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain heap they push
 Their beating breasts in vain, and piteous bray,
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;
 Slow pac'd and sower as the storms encrease, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.
 Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see *Bootes* urge his tardy wain, 835

* The old name for *China*,

A boisterous race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,
 Drove martial † horde on horde with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled south, 845
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of *Lapland* ; wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war ;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time ;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage ; 850
 Their rein-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift 855
 O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With double lustre from the glossy waste,
 Even in the depth of *Polar Night* they find
 A won'drous day: enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to *Finland* fairs. 865
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy south.
 While

* The north-west wind.

† The wandering *Scythian* Clans.

While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve !
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and re-ascends the sky.
 In what glad season, from the lakes and floods,
 Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875
 And fring'd with roses, † *Tenglio* rolls his stream,
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve;
 They, chearful-loaded, to their tents repair ;
 Where, all day long in useful cares employed,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race ! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
 Still pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* lake,
 And *Hecla*, flaming through a waste of snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,
 Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out, 890

* *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on the *Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi Lapland*, says,—“ From this height we had opportunity several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii, than bears.”

† The same Author observes—“ I was surpris'd to see upon the banks of this river (the *Tenglio*) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath * another sky,
 Thron'd in his palace of coerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard ;
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ; 905
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down, 910
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The linding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost, 915
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they ! 920
 Who, here entangled in the gath'ring ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,

* The other hemisphere

The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON's fate, 925
 As with *first* prow (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)
 He for the passage fought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.

In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught, 930
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glu'd
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935

Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
 And half-enliven'd by the distant sun
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 Here Human Nature wears its rudest form. 940

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man! Wide-stretching from these shores
 A people savage from remotest time,
 A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 905

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, sent by Queen Elizabeth to discover
 the north-east passage.

His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand
 Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts, 970
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless desarts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd; 975
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north, 980
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade: 985
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
 Blow, hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
 The

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw. 990
 Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends,
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ; 995
 And, where they rush, the wide resounding plain
 Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
 That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave. 1000
 And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking* Eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year, 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdoms lyes!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years;
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay spent festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal, never-failing friend of Man, 1040
 His guide to happiness on high. And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*,
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting. as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude; while Luxury,

In

In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
Imbittered all our blifs. Ye good distrefs'd!
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
And what your bounded view, which only saw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more:
The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
And one unbounded SPRING incircle all.

A H Y M N.

THese, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these
Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring

THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.

Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm; 5

Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;

And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes THY glory in the summer-months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun

Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10

And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;

And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,

By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.

THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,

And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15

In Winter awful THOU? with clouds and storms

Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,

Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, THOU bid'st the world adore,

And humblest Nature with thy northern Blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,

Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,

Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;

Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25

And all so forming an harmonious whole;

That

That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wand'ring oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres; 30
 Works in the secret Deeps; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
 Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempest forth;
 And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves. 35
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend! join every living Soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In Adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general Song! To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your Freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary Gloom!
 Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine
 Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45
 Who shakes th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Train,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall. 55
 Soft roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM; whose Sun exalts,
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to HIM;
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60
 As

As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lyes, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
 Great source of day! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills: ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye valleys raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
 Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
 The list'ning shades, and teach the night His praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear, 85
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
 And as each mingling flame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,

Whether

Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95.
 Ruffets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rise in the blakening east;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

Should fate command me to the farthest verge 100
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to Song; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles: 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105.
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I chearful will obey; there, with new powers, 110.
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL Love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons;
 From *seeming* evil still educating good
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still, 115.
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise.

B R I T A N N I A.

A

P O E M.

— *Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?
Quos ego—sed motos præstat componere fluctus.
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :
Non illi imperium pelagi, sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum. —* VIRGIL.

AS on the sea-beat Shore *Britannia* set,
Of her degenerate Sons the faded Fame,
Deep in her anxious Heart, revolving sad :
Bare was her throbbing Bosom to the Gale,
That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak Surge blew ;
Loose flow'd her Tresses ; rent her azure Robe ; 6
Hung o'er the Deep, from her majestic Brow
She tore the Laurel, and she tore the Bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious Grief to bathe her Cheek ;
Nor ceas'd her Sobs to murmur to the Main. 10
Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd
Her Dove-like Wings. And War, tho' greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the Queen
Of Nations spoke ; and what she said the Muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden Verse. 15
EVEN not yon Sail, that, from the sky-mixt Wave,
Dawns on the Sight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH*.
A Freight of future Glory to my shore ;

* Frederic Prince of Wales, then lately arrived.

Even

Even not the flattering View of golden Days,
 And rising Periods yet of bright Renown,
 Beneath the *Parents*, and their endless Line
 Thro' late revolting Time, can sooth my Rage ;
 While, unchastis'd, the insulting *Spaniard* dares
 Infest the trading Flood, full of vain War,
 Despise my Navies, and my Merchants Zeize ;
 As, trusting to false Peace, they fearless roam
 The World of Waters wild, made by the Toil,
 And liberal Blood of glorious Ages, mine :
 Nor bursts my sleeping Thunder on their Head.
 Whence this unwonted Patience ? this weak Doubt ?
 This tame beseeching of rejected Peace ?
 This meek Forbearance ? this unnative Fear,
 To generous *Britons* never known before ?
 And sail'd my Fleets for this ; on *Indian* Tides
 To float, unactive, with the veering Winds ?
 The Mockery of War ! while hot Disease,
 And Sloth distemper'd, swept off burning Crouds,
 For Action ardent ; and amid the Deep,
 Inglorious, sunk them in a watry Grave.
 There now they lie beneath the rolling Flood,
 Far from their Friends, and Country unaveng'd ?
 And back the drooping War-ship comes again,
 Dispirited, and thin ; her Sons asham'd
 Thus idly to review their native Shore ;
 With not one Glory sparkling in their Eye,
 One Triumph in their Tongue. A Passenger,
 The violated Merchant comes along ;
 That far-sought Wealth, for which the noxious Gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath Equator Suns,
 By lawless Force detain'd ; a Force that soon
 Would melt away, and ev'ry Spoil resign,
 Were once the *British* Lion heard to roar.

Whence

Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-asserted Element,
 Dares rouse to Wrath the Masters of the Main ? 55
 Who told him, that the big incumbent War
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling Ports,
 In smoky Ruin ? and his guilty Stores,
 Won by the Ravage of a butcher'd World,
 Yet unaton'd, sunk in the swallowing Deep, 60
 Or led the glittering Prize into the *Thames* ?

THERE was a time (Oh let my languid Sons
 Resume their Spirit at the rousing Thought !)
 When all the Pride of *Spain*, in one dread Fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring Surge ; like a whole Heaven
 Of Clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless Breeze 65
 Gaily the splendid Armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red Gleam,
 As sunk the Sun, o'er all the flaming Vast ;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate ; drunk with the Dream 70
 Of easy Conquest ; while their bloated War,
 Stretch'd out from Sky to Sky, the gather'd Force
 Of Ages held in its capacious Womb.
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous Pomp,
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few, 75
 With Tempest black, the goodly Scene deform'd,
 And laid their Glory waste. The Bolts of Fate
 Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding Sides ;
 Fierce o'er their Beauty blaz'd the lurid Flame ;
 And seiz'd in horrid Grasp, or shatter'd wide, 80
 Amid the mighty Waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from ev'ry Promontory chill,
 Rank Fen, and Cavern where the wild Wave works,
 I swept confederate Winds, and swell'd a Storm.
 Round the glad Isle, snatch'd by the vengeful Blast, 85
 The scatter'd Remnants drove ; on the blind Shelve,
 And

And pointed Rock, that marks th' indented Shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the Northern Main
Howls thro' the fractur'd *Caledonian* Isles.

Such were the Dawnings of my watry Reign ; 90
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled Times, when dreadful *Blake*
Aw'd angry Nations with the *British* Name,
Let every humbled State, let *Europe* say,
Sustain'd, and ballanc'd, by my naval Arm. 95
Ah what must these immortal Spirits think
Of your poor Shifts ? Those, for their Country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest Danger, knew no Fear,
No mean Submission, but commanded Peace.

Ah how with Indignation must they burn ? 100
(If aught, but Joy, can touch ethereal Breasts)
With Shame ? with Grief ? to see their feeble Sons
Shrink from that Empire o'er the conquer'd Seas,
For which their Wisdom plan'd, their Councils glow'd,
And their Veins bled thro' many a toiling Age. 105

Oh first of human Blessings ! and supreme !
Fair *Peace* ! how lovely, how delightful Thou !
By whose wide Tie, the kindred Sons of Men,
Like Brothers live, in Amity combin'd.
And unsuspecting Faith ; while honest Toil 110
Gives every Joy, and to those Joys a Right,
Which idle, barbarous Rapine but usurps.
Pure is thy Reign ; when, unaccurs'd by Blood,
Nought, save the Sweetness of indulgent Showers,
Trickling distils into the vernal Glebe ; 115
Instead of mangled Carcasses, sad-scene,
When the blythe sheaves lie scatter'd o'er the Field ;
When only shining Shares, the crooked Knife,
And Hooks imprint the vegetable Wound ;
When the Land blushes with the Rose alone, 120

The

The falling Fruitage and the bleeding Vine.
 Oh, *Peace* ! thou source and soul of social Life ;
 Beneath whose calm, inspiring Influence,
 Science his Views enlarges, Art refines,
 And swelling Commerce opens all her Ports ; 125
 Blest be the Man divine who gives us Thee !
 Who bids his Trumpet hush his horrid Clang,
 Nor blow the giddy Nations into Rage ;
 Who sheaths the murderous Blade ; the deadly Gun
 Into the well-pil'd Armory returns ; 130
 And, every Vigour from the Work of Death,
 To grateful Industry converting, makes
 The Country flourish, and the City smile.
 Unviolated, him the Virgin sings ;
 And him the smiling Mother to her Train, 135
 Of him the Shepherd, in the peaceful Dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the Treasures of his Labour sure,
 The Husbandman of him, as at the Plough,
 Or Team, he toils. With him the Sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling Moon, the Midnight Wave ;
 And the full City, warm from Street to Street, 140
 And Shop to Shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one Land alone ; his Praise extends
 Far as the Sun rolls his diffusive Day ;
 Far as the Breeze can bear the Gifts of Peace, 145
 Till all the happy Nations catch the Song.

WHAT would not *Peace* ! the Patriot bear for thee
 What painful Patience ? What incessant Care ?
 What mixt Anxiety ? What sleepless Toil ?
 Even from the Rash protected what Reproach ? 150
 For he thy Value knows ; thy Friendship he
 To human Nature : but the better thou,
 The richer of Delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable *War* ; when Russian Force

Awakes

Awakes the Fury of an injur'd State. 155

Even the good patient Man, whom Reason rules;
Rous'd by bold Insult, and injurious Rage,
With sharp, and sudden Check, th' astonish'd Sons
Of Violence confounds; firm as his Cause,
His bolder Heart; in awful Justice clad; 160

His Eyes effulging a peculiar Fire;
And, as he charges thro' the prostrate War,
His keen Arm teaches faithless Men no more
To dare the sacred Vengeance of the Just. 165

AND what, my thoughtless Sons, should fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd Empire of the Deep
The least beginning Injury receives?

What better Cause can call your Lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? Your dearest Life demand? 170

What better Cause, than when your Country sees
The sly Destruction at her Vitals aim'd?

For oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your Trade entire, entire the Force,
And honour of your Fleets; o'er that to watch
Even with a Hand severe, and jealous Eye. 175

In Intercourse be gentle, generous, just,
By Wisdom polish'd, and of Manners fair;

But on the Sea be terrible; untam'd,
Unconquerable still: let none escape,
Who shall but aim to touch your Glory there. 180

Is there the Man, into the Lion's Den
Who dares intrude, to snatch his young away?

And is a *Briton* seiz'd? and seiz'd beneath
The slumbering Terrors of a *British* Fleet?

Then ardent rise! oh great in Vengeance rise; 185
O'erturn the Proud, teach Rapine to restore:

And as you ride sublimely round the World,
Make every Vessel stoop, make every State

At once their Welfare and their Duty know.

This 's your Glory ; this your Wisdom ; this 190

The native Power for which you were design'd

By Fate, when Fate design'd the firmest State

That e'er was feated on the subject Sea ;

A State, alone, where *Liberty* should live,

In these late Times, this Evening of Mankind, 195

When *Athens*, *Rome* and *Carthage* are no more,

The World almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.

For this, these Rocks around your Coast were thrown ;

For this, your Oaks, peculiar harden'd, shoot

Strong into sturdy Growth ; for this your Hearts 200

Swell with a fullen Courage, growing still

As Danger grows ; and Strength, and Toil for this

Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent Land.

Then cherish this, this unexpensive Power,

Undangerous to the Public, ever prompt, 205

By lavish Nature thrust into your Hand ;

And, unencumber'd with the Bulk immense

Of Conquest, whence huge Empires rose, and fell

Self-crush'd. Extend your Reign from shore to shore.

Where-e'er the Wind your high Behests can blow, 210

And fix it deep on this eternal Base.

For should the sliding Fabric once give Way,

Soon slacken'd quite and past Recovery broke,

It gathers Ruin as it it rolls along,

Steep-rushing down to that devouring Gulph, 215

Where many a mighty Empire bury'd lyes.

And should the big redundant Flood of Trade,

In which ten thousand thousand Labours join

Their several Currents. till the boundless Tide

Rolls in a radiant Deluge o'er the Land ; 220

Should this bright Stream, the least inflected, point

Its Course another Way, o'er other Lands

The

The various Treasures would resistless pour,
 Ne'er to be won again ; its ancient Tract
 Left a vile Channel, desolate and dead,
 With all around a miserable Waste.

225

Not *Egypt*, were her better Heaven, the *Nile*
 Turn'd in the Pride of flow ; when o'er his Rocks,
 And roaring Cataracts, beyond the Reach
 Of dizzy Vision pil'd, in one wide Flash

230

An *Ethiopian* Deluge foams again ;

(Whence wondering Fable trac'd him from the Sky)
 Even not that Prime of Earth where Harvests croud
 On untill'd Harvests, all the teeming Year,

If of the fat o'erflowing Culture robb'd,

235

Were then a more uncomfortable Wild,

Steril, and void ; than of her Trade depriv'd,

Britons, your boasted Isle : her Princes sunk ;

Her high-built Honour moulder'd to the Dust ;

Unnerv'd her Force ; her Spirit vanish'd quite ;

240

With rapid Wing her Riches fled away ;

Her unfrequented Ports alone the Sign

Of what she was ; her Merchants scatter'd wide ;

Her hollow shops shut up ; and in her streets,

Her Fields, Woods, Markets, Villages and Roads,

245

The chearful Voice of Labour heard no more.

Oh let not then waste Luxury impair

That manly Soul of Toil which strings your Nerves,

And your own proper Happiness creates !

Oh let not the soft penetrating Plague

250

Creep on the free-born Mind ! and working there,

With the sharp Tooth of many a new-form'd Want,

Endless, and idle all, eat out the Heart

Of *Liberty* ; the high Conception blast ;

The noble Sentiment, th' impatient Scorn

255

Of base Subject on, and the swelling Wish

For .

For general Good, erasing from the Mind :
 While nought save narrow Selfishness succeeds,
 And low Design, the sneaking Passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled Breast. 260
 Induc'd at last by scarce-perceiv'd Degrees,
 Sapping the very Frame of Government,
 And Life, a total Dissolution comes ;
 Sloth, Ignorance, Dejection, Flattery, Fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the Waste he makes ; 265
 The human Being almost quite extinct ;
 And the whole State in broad Corruption sinks,
 Oh shun that Gulph, that gaping Ruin shun !
 And countless Ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven-belov'd ! May *Liberty* ! 270
 The Light of Life ! the Sun of human kind !
 Whence Heroes, Bards, and Patriots borrow Flame,
 Even where the keen depressive North descends,
 Still spread, exalt and actuate your Powers !
 While slavish southern Climates beam in vain. 275
 And may a public Spirit from the *Throne*,
 Where every Virtue sits, go copious forth
 Live o'er the Land ! the finer Arts inspire ;
 Make thoughtful Science raise his pensive Head,
 Blow the fresh Bay, bid Industry rejoice, 280
 And the rough Sons of lowest Labour smile.
 As when profuse of Spring, the loosend West
 Lifts up the pining Year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, Life and Love, and Beauty o'er the World.
 But haste we from these melancholy Shores, 285
 Nor to deaf Winds, and Waves, our fruitless Plaint
 Pour weak ; the Country claims our active Aid !
 That let us roam ; and where we find a spark
 Of public Virtue, blow it into Flame.
 Lo ! now my Sons, the Sons of Freedom ! meet 290,

194 B R I T A N N I A:

In awful Senate ; thither let us fly ;
Burn in the Patriot's thought, flow from his Tongue
In fearless Truth ; myself transform'd preside,
And shed the Spirit of *Britannia* round.

THIS said ; her fleeting Form and airy Train, 295
Sunk in the Gale ; and nought but ragged Rocks
Rush'd on the broken Eye, and nought was heard
But the rough Cadence of the dashing Wave,

ODE for MUSIC

ON

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing ;

The breathing instruments inspire,

Wake into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre !

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain :

Let the loud trumpet sound

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound :

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,

The deep majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark ! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear ;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

K 2

By

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ; 25
 Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enlivening airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds his arms and wakes,
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

III

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms !
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40
 Descend from Pelion to the main.
 Transported demi-gods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms, to arms, to arms !

IV. But

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds, 50
 Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
 To the pale nations of the dead,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd,
 O'er all the dreary coasts ! 55
 Dreadful gleams,
 Disfmal screams,
 Fires that glow,
 Shrieks of woe,
 Sullen moans 60
 Hollow groans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghosts !
 But hark ! he strikes the golden lyre ;
 And see ! the tortur'd ghosts respire,
 See, shady forms advance ! 65
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,
 Ixion rests upon his wheel,
 And the pale spectres dance !
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow, 70
 By the fragrant winds that blow
 O'er th' Elysian flow'rs ;
 By those happy souls who dwell
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bowers ; 75
 By the hero's armed shades,
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades ;

By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Euridice to life :
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife !

80

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's prayer ;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair :
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er Hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious ?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

85

90

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move !
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

95

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains
 Or where the Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in meanders,

All alone,

100

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan :

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies furrounded,

105

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodopæ's snows :

See,

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;
Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—

Ah see ! he dies !

111

Yet ev'n in death Euridice he sung,
Euridice still trembled on his tongue,

Euridice the woods,

Euridice the floods.

115

Euridice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung,

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Music can soften pain to ease,

120

And make despair and madness please :

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cécilia found

And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound,

125

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th'immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;

Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,

And angels lean from heav'n to hear.

130

Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n ;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heav'n.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

O R, T H E

POWER of MUSICK, *An ODE.**In Honour of St. Cecilia's Day.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

TWAS at the Royal Feast, for *Persia* won,
 By *Philip's* Warlike Son :
 Aloft in awful State,
 The God-like Hero fate
 On his imperial Throne :
 His valiant Peers were plac'd around ;
 Their Brows with Roses and with Myrtles bound,
 (So should Desert in Arms be crown'd :)
 The lovely *Thais* by his Side,
 Sate like a blooming *Eastern* Bride
 In Flow'r of Youth and Beauty's Pride.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave,
 None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy Pair !
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave,
None but the Brave deserves the Fair.

Time-

II.

Timotheus plac'd on high, 20
 Amid the tuneful Quire,
 With flying Fingers touch'd the Lyre :
 The trembling Notes ascend the Sky,
 And Heav'nly Joys inspire.
 The Song began from *Jove* ; 25
 Who left his blissful Seats above,
 (Such is the Pow'r of mighty Love.)
 A Dragon's fiery Form bely'd the God :
 Sublime on radiant Spires He rode,
 When He to fair *Olympia* press'd : 30
 And while He fought her snowy Breast,
 Then, round her slender Waist he curl'd, [World.
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, a Sov'reign of the
 The list'ning Crowd admire the lofty Sound.
 A present Deity, they shout around : 35
 A present Deity the vaulted Roofs rebound :
 With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

C H O R U S.

With ravish'd Ears
 The Monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod, 45
 And seems to shake the Spheres.

III.

The Praise of *Bacchus* then, the sweet Musician sung ;
 Of *Bacchus*, ever Fair and ever Young :

The jolly God in Triumph comes ;
 Sound the Trumpets ; beat the Drums ; 50
 Flush'd with a purple Grace
 He shews his honest Face,
 Now gives the Hautboys breath ; He comes, He
 comes,
Bacchus, ever Fair and Young,
 Drinking Joys did first ordain : 55
Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure,
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure :
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure ;
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain. 60

C H O R U S.

Bacchus' Blessings are a Treasure ;
 Drinking is the Soldier's Pleasure ;
 Rich the Treasure,
 Sweet the Pleasure ;
 Sweet is Pleasure after Pain, 65

IV.

Sooth'd with the Sound the King grew vain ;
 Fought all his Battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his Foes ; and thrice he slew
 the slain.
 The master saw the Madness rise,
 His glowing Cheeks, his ardent Eyes ; 70
 And while he Heav'n and Earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his Hand, and check'd his Pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse.
 Soft Pity to infuse :
 He

He sung *Darius* Great and Good, 75
 By too severe a Fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high Estate,
 And weltring in his Blood :
 Deserted at his utmost Need, 80
 By those his former Bounty fed :
 On the bare Earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his Eyes.
 With down-cast Looks the joyless Victor fate,
 Revolving in his alter'd Soul 85
 The various Turns of Chance below ;
 And, now, and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And Tears began to flow.

C H O R U S.

Revolving in his alter'd Soul
The various Turns of Chance below ; 90
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And Tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty Master smil'd, to see
 That Love was in the next Degree :
 'Twas but a Kindred-Sound to move ; 95
 For Pity melts the Mind to Love.
 Softly sweet, in *Lydian* Measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his Soul to Pleasures.
 War, he sung, is Toil and Trouble ;
 Honour but an empty Bubble. 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the World be worth thy Winning,
 Think, O think, it worth Enjoying.

Lovely

Lovely *Thais* sits beside thee, 105

Take the Good the Gods provide thee.

The Many rend the Skies, with loud Applause;

So Love was crown'd, but Music won the Cause.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair 110

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast.

CHORUS.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain, 115

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd and look'd and sigh'd again:

At length, with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd Victor sunk upon her Breast. 120

VI.

Now strike the Golden Lyre again:

A louder yet, and yet a louder Strain.

Break his Bands of Sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling Peal of Thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid Sound 125

Has rais'd up his Head,

As awak'd from the Dead,

And amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, Revenge, *Timotheus* cries,

See the Furies arise: 130

See the Snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their Hair,

And the Sparkles that flash from their Eyes!

Behold a ghastly Band,

Each a Torch in his Hand! 135

Those

Those are *Grecian* Ghosts, that in Battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain
 Inglorious on the Plain.
 Give the Vengeance due
 To the Valiant Crew. 140
 Behold how they toss their Torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian Abodes,
 And glitt'ring Temples of their Hostile Gods,
 The Princes applaud, with a furious Joy ;
 And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the Way, 146
 To light him to his Prey,
 And like another *Helen*, fir'd another *Troy*.

C H O R U S.

And the King seiz'd a Flambeau, with Zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way, 150
To light him to his Prey,
And like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII

Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving Bellows learn'd to blow,
 While Organs yet were mute ; 155
Timotheus, to his breathing Flute,
 And sounding Lyre
 Cou'd swell the Soul to Rage, or kindle soft Desire
 At last divine *Cecilia* came,
 Inventress of the Vocal Frame ; 160
 The sweet Enthusiast, from her sacred Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,
 With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
 Let

Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
 Or both divide the Crown ;
 He rais'd a Mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an Angel down.

165

Grand C H O R U S.

*At last, Divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the Vocal Frame ;*
*The sweet Entbusiaft, from her sacred Store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow Bounds,
 And added Length to solemn Sounds,*
With Nature's Mother-Wit, and Arts unknown before.
 Let old *Timotheus* yield the Prize,
 Or both divide the Crown ;
 He rais'd a Mortal to the Skies ;
 She drew an Angel down.

170

175

O D E on S O L I T U D E.

By Mr. POPE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire,
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease,
 Together mixt ; sweet recreation :
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone, 20
 Tell where I lie,

The

The dying Christian to his Soul.

O D E.

By Mr. PORE.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame :
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ! they whisper ; Angels say,
 Sister Spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death ?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring :
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O Grave ? where is thy Victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

D E O O P T. M A X.

By Mr. POPE.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
To see the Good from Ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue.

What

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round ::

Let not this weak, unknowing Hand
 Presume thy Bolts to throw,
 And deal Damnation round the Land,
 On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy Grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay:
 If I am wrong, oh teach my Heart
 To find that better Way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
 Or impious Discontent,
 At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,
 Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
 To hide the Fault I see;
 That Mercy I to others shew,
 That Mercy shew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot :

45

All else beneath the Sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,

And let thy Will be done.

To thee, whose Temple is all Space,

Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies !

50

One Chorus let all Being raise !

All Nature's Incense rise !

E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY*.

By Mr. POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade !

'Tis she !—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell,

Is it, in Heav'n a crime to love too well ?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part ?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs ! her soul aspire

Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;

The glorious Fault of Angels and of Gods.

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. quarto edition. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.

E L E G Y.

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Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
 Like Eastern Kings, a lazy state they keep,
 And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
 Fate snatcht her early to the pitying sky,
 As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
 And separate from their kindred dregs below ;
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou false guardian of a charge too good,
 Thou mean deserter of a Brother's blood ! 30
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
 These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
 Cold is the breast that warm'd the world before,
 And those love darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent herbes shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
 (While the long funeral blackens all the way,) 40
 Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the crowd away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
 So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow 45
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd ?
 What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd round thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.
 So peaceful rests without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !
 Poets themselves must fall like those they sung, 75
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart. 80
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS.

Translated in Paraphrase.

By MR. DRYDEN.

Created Spirit, by whose Aid
 The World's Foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry pious Mind ;
 Come pour thy Joys on Human Kind ;
 From Sin and Sorrow set us free ;
 And make thy Temples worthy Thee.
 O, Source of uncreated Light,
 The Father's promis'd *Paraclete* ! *
 Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
 Our Hearts with Heav'nly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy Sacred Uction bring
 To sanctify us, while we sing !
 Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sev'nfold Energy !
 Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
 Whose Pow'r does Heaven and Earth command.
 Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
 Who do'st the Gift of Tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence !
 Refine and purge our Earthly Parts ;
 But, Oh, inflame and fire our Hearts !
 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul ;
 Submit the Senses to the Soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then, lay thy Hand, and hold 'em down.

* *Comforter.*

Chace

Chafe from our Minds th'infernal Foe ;
 And Peace, the Fruit of Love, bestow :
 And, lest our Feet should step astray ;
 Protect, and guide us in the way.
 Make us Eternal Truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father, and the Son, by thee.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name ;
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd,
 And equal Adoration be,
 Eternal *Paraclete*, to thee.

F I N I S.

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